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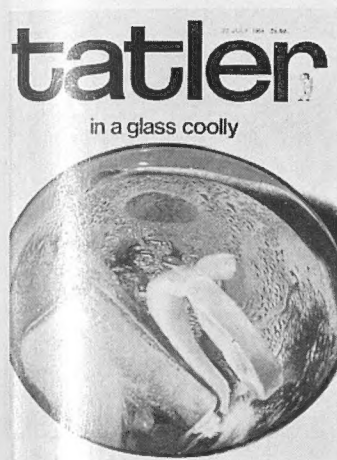
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AND BYSTANDER / VOLUME 253 / NUMBER 3282

EDITOR
JOHN OLIVER



A twist of lemon, a chunk of ice, a swish of soda, whatever came out of the bottle in the first place and a glass to drink it from, that's the sum total of the cover picture by Tony Evans, a photographer in search of the wherewithal to keep cool in summertime London. Pamela Vandyke Price, an expert in her field, comments on cool mixtures on page 174. Out of town events with a summer flavour in this week's issue include a picture report on a music festival held on the banks of the Kentish Stour (see page 163) and coverage by Desmond O'Neill of the Olympic Sailing Trials at Poole on page 155

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IN NEXT WEEKS' TATLER: the Royal babies in colour with a commentary by James Laver; fashion in transition clothes by Unity Barnes



GOING PLACES

SOCIAL & SPORTING

International Horse Show, White City, to 25 July.

Peterborough Show, to 23 July.

Night of 100 Stars, London Palladium, 23 July, in aid of the Actors Charitable Trust. (Seat, £2 2s. to £21.)

Festival of Flowers, Buxton, Derbyshire, 22, 23 July.

Scottish Game Fair, Blair Drummond, Perthshire, 24, 25 July. (Details, REG 7412.)

Miss Vacani's Children's Dancing Matinée, Scala Theatre, W.1. 3 p.m., 24 July. In aid of Invalid Children's Aid Association. (Details, KNI 8222.)

Piano recital by Louis Kentner, Cliveden, Bucks, 7.30 p.m., 24 July, in aid of refugees. (Tickets, £5 5s., inc. champagne supper, EUS 4167.)

"Il Seraglio," by the Opera da Camera, in the garden of 52 Campden Hill Sq., W.8, 9 p.m., 28 July, in aid of the International Social Service. (Tickets, £6 6s. and £8 8s., inc. champagne buffet supper, from the Secretary, 52 Campden Hill Sq., and TAT 8737.)

Canterbury Cricket Week Ball, Frank Hooker School, 31 July, in aid of Oxfam. (Tickets, £2 10s., inc. champagne buffet supper, from Mrs. John Baker White: Canterbury 64767.)

Goodwood Week: 28-31 July. (Stewards' Cup, 28; Goodwood

Stakes, Chesterfield Cup, Sussex Stakes, 29; Goodwood Cup, 30.)

R.A.F. Cranwell Graduation Ball, 28 July. (Details, F/Cadet J. S. Fountain, Cranwell 241/242.)

RACE MEETINGS

Flat: Sandown Park, Bath, Catterick Bridge, Lanark, today and 23; Newbury, Bogside, 24, 25; Newmarket, Ripon, 25; Birmingham, 25, 27; Lewes, Stockton, Edinburgh, 27; Redcar, 28-30; Goodwood, 28-31 July.

GOLF

Scottish Amateur Championship, Nairn, to 25 July.

British Isles v. Europe, Muirfield, N. Berwick, 31 July, 1 August.

POLO

Goodwood Week, 28-31 July, play daily; matches start 4.30 p.m., Tuesday-Friday.

SAILING & REGATTAS

R.O.R.C. Channel race, Southsea, 31 July.

International Dragons, Edinburgh Cup, Cultra, Co. Down, to 25 July.

MOTOR RACING

National Trophy Meeting, Aintree, 25 July.

CRICKET

Test Match: England v. Australia, Old Trafford, Manchester, 23-28 July.

Knock-out competition, semi-finals, 29-31 July.

CROQUET

Open Championships, Hurlingham, 27 July-1 August.

MUSICAL

Promenade Concert, Royal Albert Hall, 25 July-19 September.

Country House concert: Dyrham Park, near Bath, Prometheus Ensemble, 8 p.m., 26 July. (PRI 7142.)

Victoria & Albert Museum. Philomusica, cond. Malcolm, 7.30 p.m., 26 July. (PRI 7142.)

Lakeside concert, Kenwood. Philharmonia, cond. Mackeras, 8 p.m., 25 July.

Lunchtime concert, Wigmore Hall. Maureen Morelle (soprano), Antony Lindsay (piano), 1.5 p.m. 28 July. (Adm.: 2s., students 6d.)

ART

Royal Academy Summer Exhibition, Burlington House, to 15 August.

John Healey, luminous pictures, Ceylon Tea Centre, Lower Regent St., to 6 August.

Basil Rakoczi, "Fiestas & fantasies," Molton Gallery,

S. Molton St., W.1, to 31 July.
Ursula McCannell, new paintings, Ashgate Gallery, Farnham, to 25 July.

FESTIVALS

Hintlesham Festival, Hintlesham House, Suffolk, to 26 July.
City of Cambridge Festival, to 27 July.

Haslemere Festival of Early Music & Instruments, to 25 July.

King's Lynn Festival, to 25 July.

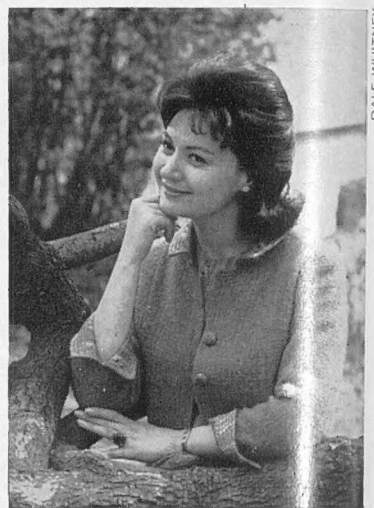
Battle Arts Festival, Langton House, Battle, Sussex, to 1 August.

OPEN AIR THEATRE

Regent's Park. *Taming of the Shrew*, to 15 August.

FIRST NIGHT

Mermaid. *The Shoemaker's Holiday*, 24 July.



Festival in Vienna for British singer Adèle Leigh, who is appearing at the city's Volksoper House. Miss Leigh, who has scored a notable success there in La Bohème, Rosenkavalier and Boris Godunov, opened a new production of the Count of Luxembourg for the Vienna Music Festival. She flies to America on 29 August to sing at the Hollywood Bowl

BRIGGS by Graham

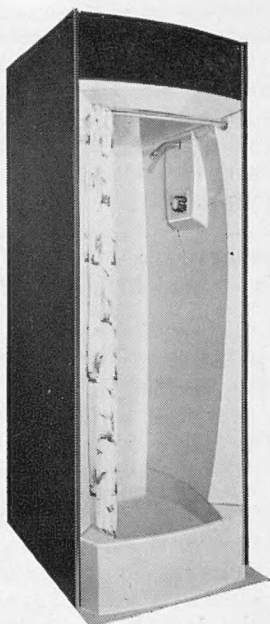



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GOING PLACES

C.S. . . . Closed Sundays.
W.B. . . . Wise to book a table.

The Maestro, Lower Belgrave Street, S.W.1. Open luncheon, and dinner to 11 p.m. C.S. & Saturdays. This small Italian restaurant made its reputation on the other side of the street. Its new premises are in the modern colourful Italian style. The cooking is good and prices reasonable. For example, a fish soup costs 2s. and chicken, garni, done in the Italian style, 7s. These were dishes of the day but there is a quite extensive *à la carte* menu. Wines by the glass or bottle—the red at 2s. per glass is good value. The cheese board and the coffee are as they should be, and the efficient staff have an infectious cheerfulness.

Young marrieds' choice

Chanterelle, 110 Old Brompton Road. (FRE 5522.) W.B. Though there is not enough elbow-room for my liking and shape, this restaurant retains its great popularity, especially with young married couples and those "walking out." The room is panelled in the Scandinavian style but the cuisine is French, and includes hot garlic-impregnated bread. It is also original, with special attention to the proper use of rosemary and other herbs. Your meal will cost you about 25s. per head without wine—but the wines are reasonably priced.

Between the highways

Between the two busy main roads that connect London with the Kent coast and

Channel ports lies part of unspoilt rural England in the high ground between Charing Hill and Faversham. In it is the hamlet of Eastling and the **Carpenters Arms**. There is a pleasant bar and a tiny dining room, in which you can eat very well-cooked, plain food. It is a Shepherd Neame house, and you can be certain of finding a sound wine, for they choose with care. It is essential to book—Eastling 234—and Mr. and Mrs. Harvey will look after you well.

Musings on Manchester

An outsize new hotel is being built in the centre of Manchester, which should make it easier to get a bath in that city (quite difficult now unless you are prepared to pay extra for a private bathroom). The restaurant of the **Grand Hotel** in Aytoun is newly decorated, and is a bright and cheerful place serving good food, including a proper Lancashire Hot Pot, and distinguished by the excellent service of its mainly young staff. In how many London restaurants now do the waiters wear spotless white gloves? There is also an excellent cheese board. **The Café Royal** in Peter Street has changed a lot since I was last there, but in the restaurant one can still sit on red plush to enjoy a good meal. The menu is large, and if you want Continental cooking you can have it—there are two Poles among the chefs—and there are some fine wines on the list. The steaks are first rate, as is the smoked salmon. At night there is unobtrusive piano music. On



this visit I did not have time to dine at the long-established **Princess Restaurant** in Oxford Street but a discerning eater-out told me that it is as good as ever. Do not be deceived by its exterior.

Wine notes: For summer drinking (1)

At a recent tasting at Hedges and Butler's cellar in Regent Street I made a note of wines that seemed to make most amiable summer drinking. First, two contrasting rosés, a full-bodied one of Anjou (9s. 6d.) suited to drinking as an aperitif or with a cold soup, and the very dry, quite unusual, Provençal Château de Beaulieu, domaine bottled, at 12s. 6d. Of the Mosel wines I thought that the dry Wiltinger Rosenberg Natur 1959 (15s.) was delightful, while the Muscat d'Alsace Cuvée Speciale 1959 (18s. 3d.), bottled in Alsace by J. Meyer et Fils, caused me to think what a perfect marriage it would be a little later with a freshly-picked peach. To those looking for a cheap supper party wine I commend their Vin d'Alsace at 10s. per bottle.

. . . and a reminder

Jules Bar, 35 Jermyn Street, S.W.1. (WHI 4700.) Perhaps the best sausages and mashed potatoes in London, plus a good cold table in pleasant décor, for reasonable prices.

TO EAT

Caxton Grill, St. Ermins, Westminster. (ABB 7888.) A smallish restaurant of quality. A good place for a business meal.

Knightsbridge 8444, opposite Harrods. Street-level room now refurnished and open for all sizes and shapes of meals.

Grumbles, Churton Street, Pimlico. Very simple indeed, but provides good food at prices young people can afford.

Pinocchio, 30 Frith Street, W.1. (GER 4045.) Good Italian cooking in pleasant surroundings, and dancing on a small floor to 3 a.m.



Girl with the guitar is Doreen West now appearing in Midday Magic, the first lunchtime cabaret at L'Hirondelle in Swallow Street. This is the third lunchtime haunt opened by owner Joseph Mourat in London, the others are the Staple Inn Club in Holborn and the Windmill Club in Bermondsey

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GOING PLACES



ABROAD

Florence breeds a kind of cultural hysteria which, like most viruses, confines itself to visitors; it is only people who live there who are able to enjoy it at a proper pace. The rest of us sit outside the cafés of Piazza della Signoria, our attention divided between those incredibly Osbert Lancaster statues and the maps and guide books from which we work out what else can be seen, and when. *Chiuso* is the sightseer's bogy, but Florence's 40 museums—a formidable total—are mostly well organized; their times of opening do tally with the official lists and hall porters in hotels know what you are talking about. Sightseeing in Florence is inexcusably easy. There is no escape.

A visit to Florence could be dedicated to Michelangelo's works alone, to his paintings scattered throughout the Uffizi and the Academy; to his stupendous David (in the same building) and his massively sensual sculptures from the Medici tombs in the Chapel of San Lorenzo. Fra Angelico's frescoes in the convent cells of San Marco, and Masaccio's *Expulsion from Paradise* in the Brancacci Chapel, could take a leisurely day. With the pigeons overhead and the whirling traffic at one's heels, it is not easy to spend the time one would like over one of the most glorious monuments in the city—Ghiberti's *Gates of Paradise*, minutely sculpted on the doors of the Baptistery. Like the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, its details are more easily studied in the book.

Inside the Duomo, opposite the Baptistery, the museum contains some sculpting which once adorned the bell tower, as well as choir galleries decorated by Donatello and Lucca Della Robbia. The Palazzo Bargello houses, within a gloriously stony, unadorned Renaissance palace, more work by Michelangelo and some of the best of the Della Robbias. But what is "best" in a city whose resurgence of art, a Golden Age comparable to that of 5th-century Greece, was matched by the munificence of the Medicis?

Yet we should beware, as the late Bernard Berenson said, of being over-reverent. Dare I say

that I find the interior of the Pitti Palace tastelessly florid? That the crammed mosaic of paintings and the frescoed ceilings of each salon compete and come perilously close to cancelling one another out? The Uffizi on a summer afternoon is more like shopping in a supermarket than looking at a gallery. The Botticellis, Titians and Raphaels, among one of the greatest collections in the world, triumph, of course, over the competition and the crowds. Nevertheless, the impression is comparable to hearing fragments of Beethoven, Mozart and Bach through a series of open doorways, barred by some evil fairy from entering any one of the rooms. I can offer no panacea for the fever, except to take time in seeing Florence and, above all, in timing when you go there. May and June are the "season" but late October and November is the time when, miraculously, you might even get the Uffizi to yourself.

Most Florentines are horrified by the idea that their city should be considered only as a living museum. What of the *couture*, the jewellery, the artisans who work the straw and leather; and, above all, the food? In the cross-hatch of streets which run between Via Tornabuoni and the Piazza del Duomo, you can happily shop by nose, noise and the general business that proclaims all good restaurants. Specifically,

The Ponte Vecchio, Florence

I liked the Ristorante Grotto Guelfo, which I found by chance secreted in the arcades just off Tornabuoni. Alfredo, a modern restaurant tucked away on the south side of Ponte Vecchio, panders not at all to its view, by which I mean they hardly need to make an effort with the food—but they do. Try the veal *en Papillotte*. Fashion has come full circle, in that Harry's Bar now leads in evening popularity from the revered, old-fashioned Sabatini. More Italians go there than the expected American tourists, and the food is very good indeed. It also attracts the consular crowd as well as diplomats off-duty from Rome, and is about the only place in Florence where people are noticeably dressed-up. Full marks to a brand new hotel, the Carlton, for its beautiful decoration and *two* bathrooms to each bedroom, plus a mosaic-tiled swimming pool on its 15th storey roof, which commands a heavenly view over the hills to Fiesole. There are many gracious and charming old hotels, too, on the outskirts of the city, set in private parks and gardens; but nothing to beat the little Continentale, on Ponte Vecchio, for dead-centre convenience.

On summer evenings, the courting teenagers stroll through Piazza Michelangelo, to see the smoked apricot sunset over the stones of Florence. Most visitors go up to Fiesole. You must leave your car in the piazza, and climb the steep hill to the convent of San Francesca for the starriest view of all. It is cool and pleasant to lunch in Fiesole on a summer's day, perhaps somewhere like Raspanti, which has a terrace over the valley away from the city. This was the landscape that Shelley and Dickens, Lamartine and Anatole France loved—a gentle landscape of space and cypress trees, studded with some sumptuous villas. The most famous of the villas—Castello, Petraia and Poggio a Caiano (where Francis Medici and Bianca Cappello were poisoned) are open to the public, but you must get permission to view them from the Pitti Palace.

I was drawn to Vallombrosa ("thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks") by its literary associations, but I found it less poetic than tonic. Apart from its Abbey, Vallombrosa is virtually a hill resort, cool and resinous among the pine forests. At Florentine pace you'd leave the city on a Saturday afternoon and spend the weekend there, walking and looking at the views. But then as I said in the beginning, theirs is not the same compulsion to see just *one* more church before closing time . . . !



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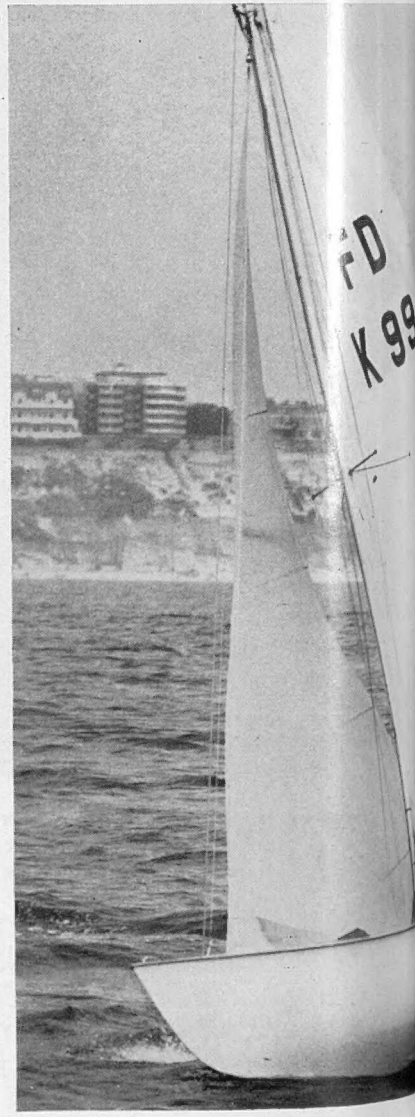
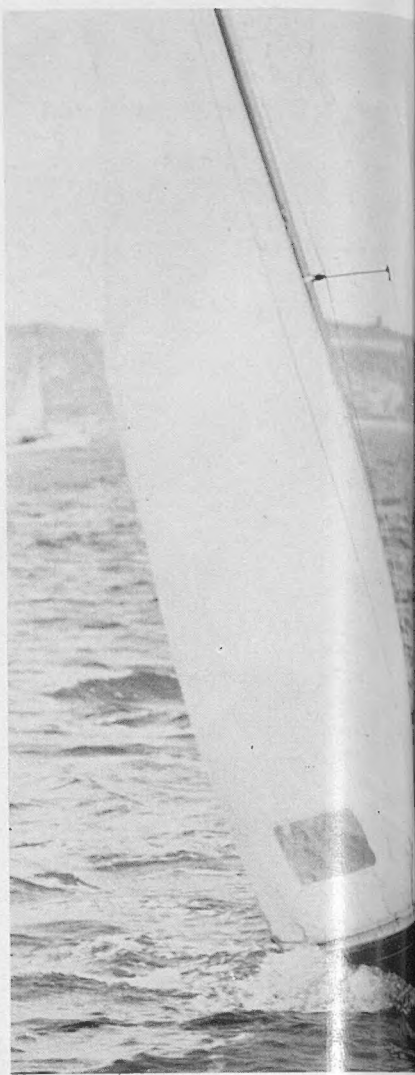
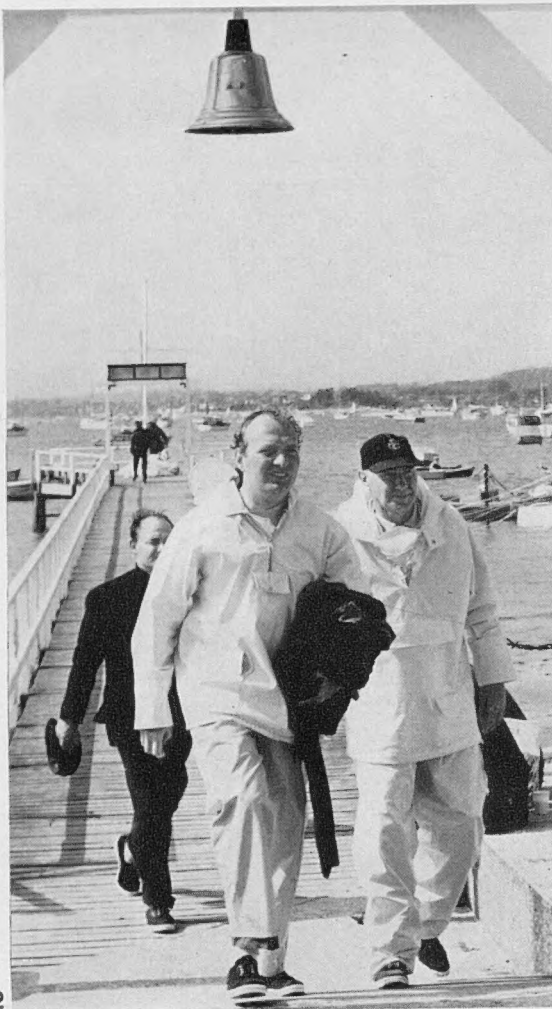


THE POOLE OLYMPIAD

Mrs. Robert Garnham and her daughter Miss Judith O'Halloran were among the competitors in the Olympic Sailing Trials for 5.5 metre yachts, Dragons and Flying Dutchmen held in Poole Bay under the auspices of the Poole Bay Olympic Sailing Association. The trials were arranged by the Royal Yachting Association, together with the Royal Motor Yacht Club, whose headquarters at Sandbanks were used as a base for the competitors. Mrs. Garnham and her daughter raced their own Dragon, *Djinn*. More pictures by Desmond O'Neill overleaf. See also the Olympic Ball pictures on page 158

THE POOLE OLYMPIAD

3



1 Mr. J. M. F. Crean coming ashore after the first of the races at Poole

2 Mr. John Leask and Mr. H. Brownlow Eve returning to R.M.Y.C. headquarters after racing the Dragon *Oleander III*

3 Mr. K. Musto and Mr. T. Morgan, the European champions, hang on the trapeze of their Flying Dutchman, *Lady C*, winner of the second race

4 Sir Gordon Smith, vice-commodore of the Poole Bay Olympic Sailing Association, with his two sons, Robert and Charles. Sir Gordon came second in the first of the Dragon class races

5 Mrs. Claude Wallis (left), wife of the rear-commodore of the R.M.Y.C., with Mrs. D. F. Biddle, whose husband was racing in the Flying Dutchman class

6 Mr. Lean-Bercoe's Flying Dutchman, *Sapper*

HIGH MARKS FOR THE PRINCESS

BY MURIEL BOWEN

THE QUEEN is in for a thrill the next time she watches PRINCESS ANNE show jumping. The young Princess—she will be 14 next month—always rode with considerable confidence and determination but she has now developed a sense of style not noticeable a year ago. I watched her represent Benenden in the inter-schools combined training event at the Moat House open day in Kent. With school chums, JOANNA SHAWCROSS, a finished and delightful rider to watch, CANDY GEDDES, and BARBARA BRADLEY, Princess Anne took the silver cup. There were also teams from Bedgebury Park and Lillesden schools, each with some excellent individual riders.

Since going to Benenden Princess Anne takes a bus to Moat House once a week with other girls at the school to get a riding lesson from Mrs. NIGEL HATTON-HALL. The fact that more school-girls want to ride nowadays than can be fitted into well run establishments such as this one is all a part of the renaissance of the horse.

Cherrie Hatton-Hall is one of those young women that a few years back would have been regarded as a phenomenon, but not any more; she combines marriage with a career and excels at both. It is always exciting to see somebody who has topped the same class go on to further successes. We were together at LT.-COL. JOE HUME DUDGEON'S riding school in Ireland years ago.

LINE OF FIRE

The open day was held in Glyndebourne surroundings at The Moat, with close-mown lawns and crazy-paved walks that meandered among a profusion of roses. People gathered early as Mr. & Mrs. J. R. D. Cook who live at The Moat, and are great supporters of Capt. & Mrs. Hatton-Hall, had provided a buffet lunch.

The sun was out and so were the cameras. Poor Lord Shawcross, with his camera at the ready, inadvertently found himself among the professionals and was told: "Don't stand in front of the line mate!"

A Cabinet Minister, Mr. WILLIAM DEEDES had a most relaxing afternoon. Having, presumably, lost his programme he spread out on the grass. When a performance caught his eye he would turn to his wife and say: "Hilary, this looks damn' good. Who's the girl?"

LAWYERS CAN BE FUN

Reaction to the unexpected event is often amusing, but seldom recorded

outside the immediate family circle. Last week DAME SYBIL THORNDIKE was guest of honour at a luncheon given by the Labour lawyers at the House of Commons. Miss JENNIE LEE, M.P., in a speech, told of her astonishment at receiving the invitation. "I really didn't think that the Labour lawyers had it in them to do something like this," she said. Mr. DINGLE FOOT, Q.C., M.P. & Mrs. FOOT, who put much of the spark into the entertaining of this Society, Mr. NIALL McDERMOT, Q.C., M.P. and Mr. SCHOLEFIELD ALLEN, Q.C., M.P. stirred uneasily in their seats, I thought.

ASSORTED SYBILISMS

The Harcourt Room of the Commons crackled with Sybilisms:

The Beatles. "It is only their followers who are a bit tiresome, but they do the same with (Sir Laurence) Olivier . . ."

The Labour Party. "It should RAM IT HOME to the people that money should be spent on theatres." Mrs. Harold Wilson, looking very young and sunburned, seemed thoughtful at that remark. Afterwards she rushed up the stairs two at a time to her husband's office. I wonder if she told him.

Dame Sybil went on and on. Her husband, SIR LEWIS CASSON tried, and tried again to get Earl Attlee to give her costume coat a tug to get her to sit down. Earl Attlee gallantly kept up the pretence of not hearing. Whatever can be said against these Labour lawyers there is no denying the fact that they are great people to give a party.

MONEY AND OLYMPICS

Talk of the Olympics nearly always turns to one subject—money. There is unconcealed joy among the organizers that the Government is this time making a contribution to the cost, though a small one. Mr. RICHARD HINKS, who as appeals secretary is head of the money-raising Olympic business wouldn't listen to any criticism of the size of the Government contribution. "A door has been opened, that is the great thing." Mr. Hinks was speaking at the British Olympic Ball at Grosvenor House.

"What we want is some new people to rouse the public up, people like the Mayor of Portsmouth," he said. "The worst of appeals like ours is that you keep hitting the same people the whole time." The Olympics, he said, wasn't something for which people run to the post office and send in a postal order. "On the other hand if somebody puts a collection tin under their noses they willingly subscribe."

Princess Alexandra and the Hon. Angus Ogilvy missed the dinner and came on to the ball. They lost no time with small talk at the top table, they just dumped their things and went straight on to the floor. Both dance extremely well, indeed I thought the standard of dancing at the ball was pretty high anyway.



Princess Alexandra and her husband, the Hon. Angus Ogilvy, were among the guests at the British Olympic Ball held at Grosvenor House. The Ball, organized by the British Olympic Association, was held to raise extra funds to send the British team to the Games in Tokyo

1 Princess Alexandra with Mr. Tony Nash who won a Gold Medal for Britain in the bobsleigh event of the Winter Olympics

2 Lady Rotherwick opens her tombola tickets

3 The Marquess of Exeter, chairman of the British Olympic Association

4 The Duchess of Beaufort with Lord Rupert Nevill who is a committee member of the British Olympic Association

5 Lady Buckhurst and the Duke of Beaufort, President of the Association, buying a programme from Miss Virginia Tyler

6 The Marchioness of Exeter, chairman of the ball committee, holds the terrier puppy she bought at the ball auction. With her is the ball secretary, Mr. R. J. Hinks

7 Mr. and Mrs. Jack Beresford. He is a former Olympic Gold Medal sculler and his wife was a member of the ball committee

8 Mr. M. Parry, who will represent Britain in the Olympic Dragon Class yachting event, with Mrs. R. A. Aisher and her husband (standing) who will sail a 5.5 metre yacht in the Olympics



ROYAL GUEST AT THE BALL



MUSIC FOR CHARITY

Barbara Vereker writes: The piano recital given by Mr. PETER KATIN, playing Chopin and Liszt, in the chapel of the Royal Hospital Chelsea raised funds for local branches of the Red Cross. The Wren chapel, with its beautiful ceiling painted by Ricci, was restored in 1947 after being badly damaged during the war by a bomb that killed the Pensioner in charge of it. On a summer's evening with the dying sun coming in through the high windows, it made a magnificent setting for the music. A piano had been placed in front of the altar and behind it rose the magnificent silver candlesticks, dated 1690 and bearing the James II monogram. All seats for the concert had been sold but the Pensioners themselves were not present. "Most of them find classical music a bit heavy," explained their Chaplain, the REV. VICTOR HEADLEY. All the same, the Pensioners were pleased that their chapel was being used. "They have a great affection for the Red Cross," said Mr. Headley. "The Red Cross people do a great deal for the Pensioners. They bring round a mobile shop for the bedridden ones, and they also provide them with books and take them out for drives." Mr. Headley has been chaplain at the Royal Hospital for five years and like most of the staff he was formerly in the army. During the war he was garrison chaplain at Changi, was later taken prisoner in Singapore and was put to work on the Burma railway. "The Royal Hospital seems very peaceful and easy after that."

The present Mayor of Chelsea, EARL CADOGAN, wearing his chain of office, was at the concert with COUNTESS CADOGAN and so were two other ex-mayors of Chelsea Miss KATHARINE ACLAND and Mrs. DURNFORD. Miss MARY CAMPION, a painter who has lived in Chelsea since 1926, was there with Mr. GUY BYFORD. Others present included LORD & LADY LUKE, PRINCESS IRIS GALITZINE, LADY COMPTON, VISCOUNT & VISCOUNTESS GLENTWORTH, COUNTESS JOWITT, the COUNTESS OF MUNSTER, the DOWAGER VISCOUNTESS CHAPLIN, Miss ROSIE NEWMAN and Mrs. GEORGE COCKER.

1 Mr. Peter Katin plays Chopin before the altar in the Royal Hospital Chapel

2 Mrs. Philip Digby-Jones, Divisional Director of the Red Cross for Chelsea, and Mrs. John Kitchin, wife of the Town Clerk of Chelsea

3 Princess Iris Galitzine, chairman of the concert, greets Lord Luke, a vice-President, and Lady Luke

4 In the grounds of the Royal Hospital (from left) Mrs. Marjorie Owen, Mr. Richard Hawkesworth, Dr. Clive Shields and Miss Betty Toule





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LETTER FROM SCOTLAND

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Two Highland families were united recently in the High Kirk of Edinburgh, St. Giles Cathedral, when the Marquess of Lorne, heir to the Duke of Argyll, Inveraray Castle, married Miss Iona Colquhoun, only daughter of Sir Ivar and Lady Colquhoun of Luss, Dunbartonshire. A traditional Gaelic marriage prayer, said by the Rev. D. W. MacKenzie, parish minister of Inveraray, formed part of the service.

The 18 years-old bride, who was given away by her father, wore a beautiful white silk organza gown designed by Cavanagh. The bodice was embroidered with lilac and lily-of-the-valley. Her diamond tiara, a family heirloom, was lent by her aunt, the Countess of Verulam.

She was attended by Lady Romaine Grimston, Misses Caroline and Clare Renton, Catherine Colquhoun, and Rebecca Wigan (all five are cousins of the bride), Victoria Ross, Mary Jackson, Magdalen Stirling, Diana Hallows and Gabriel Telfer-Smollett. The two pages were the Hon. John Savile and Piers Birtwistle.

The bridesmaids wore long white organza dresses and their head-dresses and bouquets were of white gardenias. The service was conducted by the Minister of St. Giles, the Rev. Dr. H. C. Whitley, assisted by the Rev. A. Campbell, a former minister of Luss who had married the bride's parents and both christened and confirmed the bride, and by the Rev. D. W. MacKenzie.

FLEW FROM AMERICA

Among the 600 guests were many tenants and employees from both the Luss and Inveraray estates and some guests had come from America and Australia. The bridegroom's mother, Mrs. Louise Clews Timpson, had flown from New York.

A feature of the wedding reception, held in the Assembly Rooms, was an enormous three-tier wedding cake surmounted by a model of Inveraray Castle. The Marquess and his bride are spending their honeymoon on an island in the Pacific and when they return to London, they will begin house-hunting in earnest. They intend making their home in the City where Lord Lorne is in banking.

HAMLET AT HADDO

This is proving an extra busy year for Major and Mrs. David Gordon, Haddo House, Aberdeenshire. In April they celebrated their Silver Wedding with a large party of tenants, employees and Choral Society members. Haddo House is probably best known as the home of the Haddo House Choral Society, of which Mrs. Gordon is conductor. Several very ambitious concerts are given there each year.

But this isn't by any means its only claim to fame; in the grounds is a Globe Theatre, built on the lines of the original Globe in London, and here a full-scale Shakespearean production is presented



Mrs. Indira Gandhi and Mr. T. T. Krishnamachari, India's representatives to the recent conference of Commonwealth Prime Ministers, are welcomed at Marlborough House by the Prime Minister, Sir Alec Douglas-Home, and Mr. Duncan Sandys, the Commonwealth Relations Secretary. Mrs. Gandhi, daughter of the late Mr. Nehru, is Minister of Information and Broadcasting. Mr. Krishnamachari is the Finance Minister. India's Prime Minister, Mr. Shastri, was prevented from attending by ill health.

every other year on the large apron stage.

In alternate years light opera is produced—two years ago *Macbeth*, and this September *Hamlet*, to be produced by Ronald Watkins, a recognized authority on this type of production. Mrs. Gordon, although she frequently takes part in the plays, will be working back-stage this time, she tells me, but Major Gordon is to play the ghost of Hamlet's father. There will be a gala night on 7 September, and on this night and on 11 and 12 September, dinner will be served in the house during the interval. (I gather it's essential to book ahead for this.)

The choral side of the house takes over again for Christmas and the next important event, for which plans are already in hand, is a choral concert next May. In fact, they're already discussing plans for the major choral concert in 1966 at which Benjamin Britten, president of the Haddo House Choral Society, will present his War Requiem.

AN AUGUST BALL

Much closer at hand is the coming-of-age ball to be held at Haddo in August, when Mrs. Gordon, Lady Forbes of Newe and Mrs. James Hay are joining forces to entertain the guests of their daughters, Misses Mary Gordon, Alison Forbes and Joanna Hay.

Haddo, a beautiful Adam House built in 1732, will be floodlit for the occasion. "It doesn't really need anything else," says Mrs. Gordon—and how right she is. The dance will be held in the library, and there will be a night club in the front hall.

HER FOURTH VOLUME

Miss F. Marian McNeill, who is well-known far beyond Scotland as an authority on Scottish cookery, folk lore and

festivals in general, tells me that in another week or two she will have finished the fourth and last volume in her Silver Bough series. "I have been trying to preserve our Scottish traditions before modern civilization goes over them like a juggernaut and crushes them out of existence," she told me.

This fourth volume deals with local folk festivals which still survive in Scotland and Miss McNeill, in her researches, has discovered about 60 such still going strong. "I have been tremendously struck by the way in which all the people in a district come together with such a wonderful spirit for these festivals," she told me. "They are creating a local patriotism."



Lord Snowdon's picture of Princess Margaret with their son, Viscount Linley, and two-months-old baby daughter Sarah, arrived as the Tatler was going to press. In next week's issue we shall publish pictures of all the new Royal Babies in a colour and black and white section with an article by James Laver.

FESTIVAL ON STOUR

Words by Derek Patmore / Pictures by Romano Cagnoni

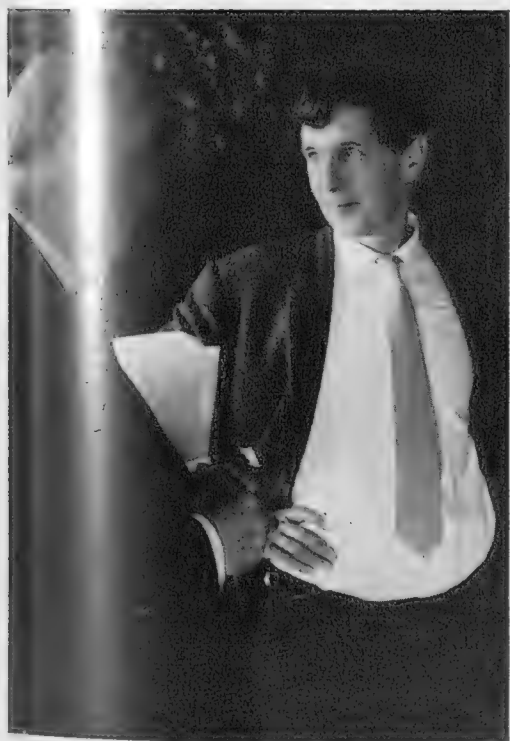
The Stour Music Festival is held in a village setting and that's what provides the real charm of this new summer event created by the conductor and counter-tenor, Alfred Deller. The Festival is named after the Kentish Stour, which meanders through one of the most beautiful parts of the countryside between Ashford and Canterbury. It has just concluded a successful second season, with all seats for the concerts and the performance of Thomas Arne's little-known opera, *The Masque of Alfred*, being sold out. Like Aldeburgh, the aim of the Stour Festival is informality and intimacy. Its director, Alfred Deller, insists on music of the highest quality, and the stars this year were two famous composers, Michael Tippett and Edmund Rubbra. The Stour valley lies just below the Pilgrim Way to Canterbury, and the

concerts were held in two fine old churches; All Saints at Boughton Aluph and Saints Gregory and Martin at Wye. *The Masque of Alfred* was held in the splendid picture gallery at Olantigh, one of the noblest private houses in this part of Kent. The house was specially lent for the occasion by its owners, Mr. F. W. H. Loudon and the Lady Prudence Loudon, the daughter of the first Earl Jellicoe. Dr. Arne's opera was originally performed at an outdoor fête given by Frederick, Prince of Wales, at Cliveden in 1740 to mark the anniversary of the Hanoverian succession to the English throne. The finale of the *Masque* contains the celebrated *Rule, Britannia!*, and is a rousing affair in Arne's original version. Sung and performed by the Deller Consort and the Philomusica of London, it had the whole audience joining in the final verses. The Stour runs through the lovely gardens

of Olantigh with their decorations of fine 18th-century statuary and the whole occasion had the open-air charm of a small Glyndebourne.

Musically the most important events were the fine concert of Michael Tippett's music held in All Saints Church, Boughton Aluph, when two Cantatas and his latest Sonata (1962) were performed; and the superb concert in the Wye Church when Edmund Rubbra's new composition, *Salve Regina*, (written for counter-tenor solo and harpsichord), had its first performance. This was followed by an electrifying performance of Bach's *Mass In B Minor* given by the massed choirs of the neighbourhood superbly conducted by Alfred Deller.

Next year the Stour Music Festival will include performances of little-known Renaissance works in its programme. Personally I am convinced that it will attract more and more attention. The setting is particularly beautiful, and it is close to London. The inns and small hotels in Ashford and Canterbury offer excellent accommodation, and many of the visitors have already discovered the delights of nearby Chilham, surely one of the loveliest villages in Kent. There the White Horse Inn, dating from the 15th century, offers excellent but inexpensive meals to the Festival visitors. Alfred Deller told me that he founded the Stour Music Festival as an act of faith, and has been astonished by its success. Like John Christie of Glyndebourne, he has discovered that there is an eager public for good music in the rural parts of Great Britain.



Mr. Michael Tippett, a concert of whose works, including his latest sonata, opened the festival, with author Derek Patmore in Chilham's 15th century inn, *The White Horse*. Chilham is possibly the best preserved old village in the Stour valley



Mr. Edmund Rubbra lectures on his songs and choral works in the 14th century church of All Saints at Boughton Aluph. His new *Salve Regina* for counter-tenor and harpsichord was given its premiere at the festival.



Chilham Castle, the home of Viscount Massereene and Ferrard. This is still called the new building—its architect was Inigo Jones—as the old castle, of which the Norman keep survives, is immediately behind the new house. Its basic site is that of a Roman fort



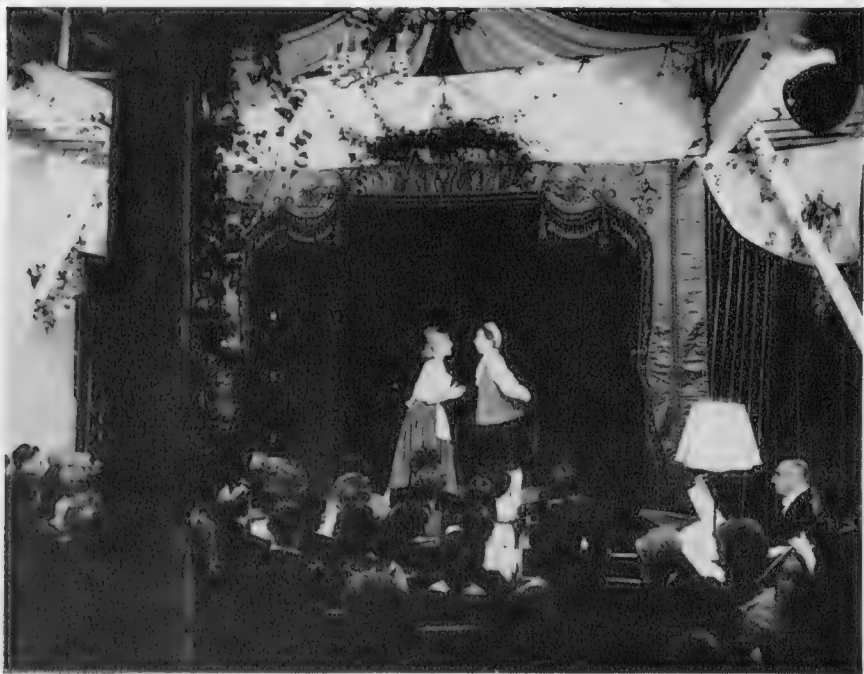
Miss Honor Sheppard (left) and Miss Mary Thomas, both members of the Deller Consort, sing the soprano duet in the first part of the Bach Mass. Top: big success of the Festival was the singing of the specially formed choir drawn from districts from Maidenhead to Margate. Most are housewives without special musical training and their achievement was beyond all expectation. Said Mr. Deller: "They never sang so at rehearsal." Here they are singing In Sancto Spiritu with which the second part of the Mass ends. In the foreground are members of the Philomusica of London. Right: separated from the audience by imposing columns, the orchestra platform in front of the garden doors at Olantigh



Left: the first guests arrive for the evening concert at Olantigh, near Wye. Olantigh, one of the great manor houses of the district, was almost completely destroyed by fire in the early years of the present century. Of the original early Georgian building only the walls of the Great Hall remain, incorporated in the restoration. Below: happy to see the audience streaming in, Mr. John Ward, A.R.A., and Lady Prudence Loudon, mistress of Olantigh. Mr. Ward organized the Festival's art exhibition



Every seat in Olantigh's Great Hall was taken and an overflow audience had to listen from the entrance hall and the balconies

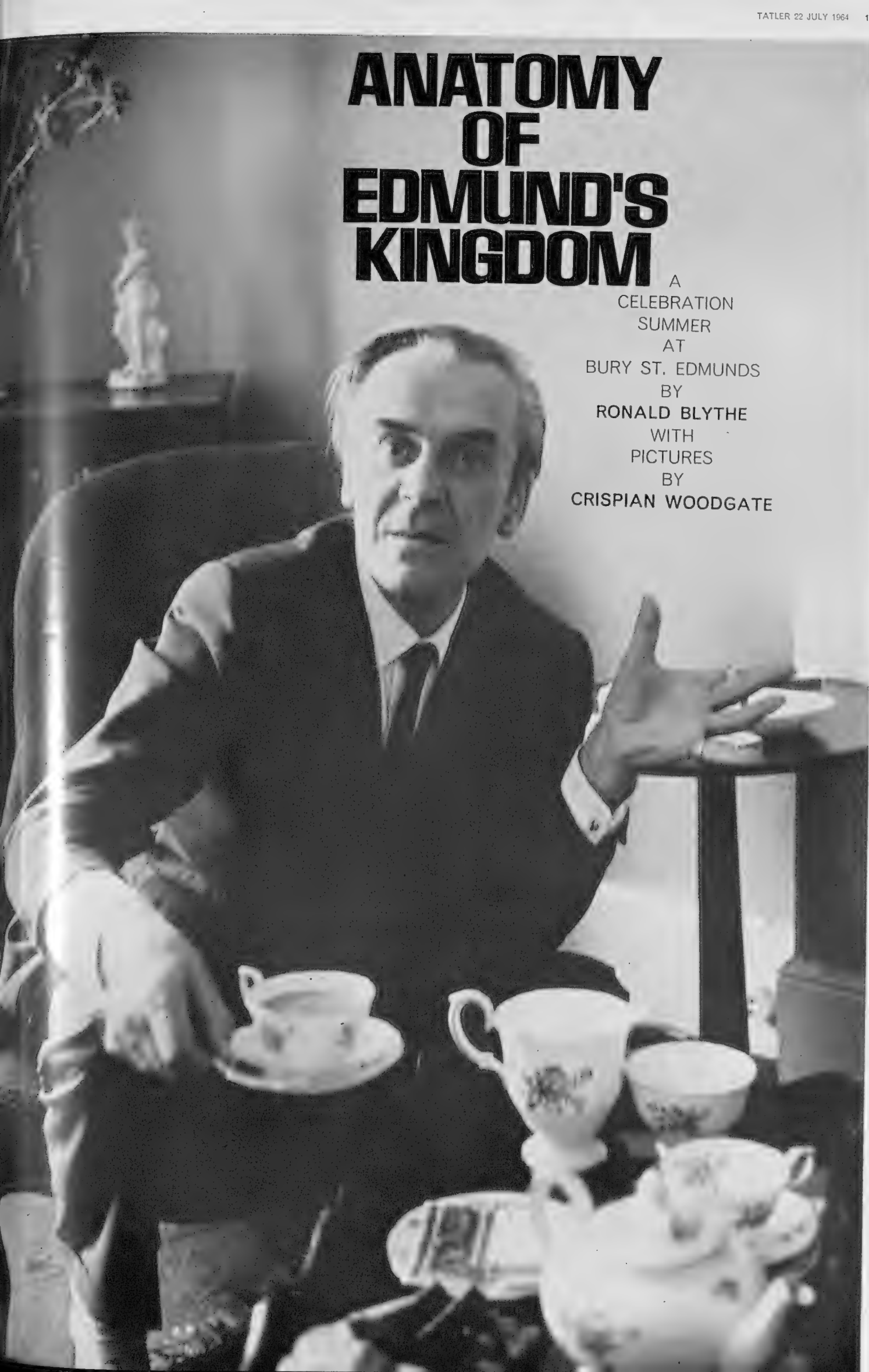


Last entertainment of the day, Musical Pills to Purge Melancholy, a sequence of light songs and pre-classical dances performed in costume to a harpsichord accompaniment, kept a crowded audience at Olantigh's Old Brewhouse till after midnight. Here mezzo-soprano Laura Sarti and soprano Clare Walmsley perform Purcell's duet The Boy and Girl from Oronooko. Top: in the finale of Arne's Masque of Alfred at Olantigh the garden doors behind the orchestra opened to reveal Mrs. John Ward as Britannia herself with helmet and trident as the audience joined in to sing Rule Britannia. Right: a vantage point in a balcony for the ladies of the house, Lady Prudence Loudon, Miss Katharine Loudon, Lady Cecila McKenna and Miss Annabella Loudon



ANATOMY OF EDMUND'S KINGDOM

A
CELEBRATION
SUMMER
AT
BURY ST. EDMUNDS
BY
RONALD BLYTHE
WITH
PICTURES
BY
CRISPIAN WOODGATE



Actor John le Mesurier divides his time between a flat in London and a house at Bury St. Edmunds besides doing a fair amount of world travelling for plays and films. He and his actress wife Hattie Jacques—they have two young sons—find in Bury the balance of real town and real country that is perfect for their needs

IN the middle of the 7th century a young Swede named Sigbert became king of the East English. It was Sigbert's kinsman who was buried in the great ship at Sutton Hoo. Sigbert, however, wasn't warrior-like as one expects the owner of all that magnificent treasure to have been, for while in Gaul he had had an experience which turned him into a kind of Dark Ages Gandhi. In the far west corner of his little kingdom an Angle named Bederic had made a farm and it was there that Sigbert withdrew to work out a revolutionary military idea. The demonstration of this idea required all the mad courage possessed by future aeronauts when they took off from church towers on paper wings, for Sigbert went into battle carrying nothing more than a wand. The East English were so disgusted with this Christ-like king who had made them the laughing stock of the Midlands, where the battle had taken place, that they never troubled to find his body.

But 200 years later, all was changed. Christlikeness was then very fashionable, particularly among the aristocracy, and when, on a sad November day in 865, the Danes slew another young English king canonization became inescapable. The motto of the Queen of Scots would have suited King Edmund perfectly. "*In my end is my beginning*", he might have said with truth as the heathens dragged him from his hall, thrashed him, filled him with arrows and cut off his head. For Edmund at that moment began a brilliant posthumous career that affects us yet.

Like all our national heroes, like King Arthur, who was probably a Roman, and St. George, who was definitely a Syrian, Edmund was foreign and thus was properly qualified for our national veneration. He was a young German with a big nose and he seemed much addicted to rivers—wherein, I have always thought, lies the secret of our affection for him. He was crowned on the banks of the Suffolk Stour not far from where, 1,000 years later, Constable was to paint his greatest pictures. He lived on the banks of the Alde and the Deben, and for upwards of six heady centuries he rested, smothered by the jewels of Europe, by the River Lark and the River Linnet. This young river prince is the English Sebastian and the *raison d'être* of Bury St. Edmunds. Without him Bederic's farm would have developed into just another village; with him it grew to be the urban epitome of all the great English conflicts between church, state and the common law. It was at the shrine of the river prince that the barons came in 1214 to swear their oath that they would force King John to sign the Great Charter of the liberties of England. Seven months later, at Runnymede, the King endorsed a document that changed the world.

"Bury is such a quiet place," my grandmother used to say. All over Suffolk it was the same. Bury?—very quiet, isn't it? As I grew older it dawned on me that this wasn't a compliment but a mixture of regret and reproach insinuating a certain thinning of the blood and taming of the spirit. It

stemmed from ancient memories of Bury as a kind of mediaeval Cyprus composed of intractable townfolk and immovable abbots. Bury then was a synonym for uproar and intransigence. Even when the inhabitants weren't capturing the abbot and snipping off his eyebrows or raiding the vast abbey, the ceaseless processions of Angevin royalty and the pilgrim hordes turned the town into a sacred convulsion, and when all this ceased Suffolk was naturally disappointed.

But this was nothing to the disappointment of the Bury folk themselves, who, as the Reformation approached, must have glimpsed a free horizon when Henry dissolved the immense abbey, for then occurred one of those smooth social take-overs that make English history so odd to foreigners. The last abbot, a very nice man from Long Melford, retired comfortably to a private house in the town and then the East Anglian gentry calmly took over his realm. Bacons and Carews, Druryes and Jermyns, Herveys and Walde-



graves ruled Edmund's kingdom, and many of them rule there still.

This is the disconcerting thing about mid-20th century St. Edmundsbury. All the approaches to the town are made through parks. It is still a gentry capital and though the townspeople gained their charter of incorporation in 1606, Bury's civic development has had a certain august retardment that is evident even today. So far the levelling influences of modern times, from the Education Act of 1870 and universal suffrage to the pop culture of the 60s, have had little or no effect on the place.

Bury St. Edmunds will have doubled its size in the next few years. Its present population of 22,000 is to increase to 40,000, but the enormous potential of the place is already exciting the manufacturers. Soon the little grid pattern of streets that Abbot Baldwin laid out in 1065 in the style of his native Ile de la Cité of Paris and the superb East Anglian parks will be separated by an opulent rind of estates and modern

Above: the Marquis of Bristol in his morning room at Ickworth, the fantastic treasure-house of the Herveys and the pivot of Bury's social life over many generations. The famous Rotunda at Ickworth is open to the public. The house is three miles from Bury. Top: Air Vice-Marshal S. F. Vincent has a genius for getting things done in Bury. He was photographed in the restored Theatre Royal described in an old guide book as "one of the prettiest temples of the drama to be found in the provinces." Opposite page: novelist Mr. Angus Wilson has lived in his remote woodland cottage in the Bury St. Edmunds countryside for a good many years now. He spends his time writing in the garden, talking in the house, teaching at the new East Anglia University, travelling a great deal but always returning to his beloved Suffolk. He is also influential in many of Bury's cultural affairs

industry. As top favourite of all the L.C.C.'s Expanding Town projects, Bury St. Edmund's population is likely to be not merely doubled but quadrupled by the end of the century. Many firms have already moved in and most, to give them their due, are on their best architectural behaviour. Indeed, the quasi-spiritual aplomb of the Associated British Maltsters' silo block can be said to have captured the notorious mood of Suffolk's commercial piety exactly. To hear the romantics talk one would imagine that the glories of the county were created by a race of blue-eyed dreamers. They are in fact the legacy of hard-headed mediaeval trade guilds and post-Reformation lawyers. Such pragmatism is deeply rooted in the East Anglian character, which is the reverse of sentimental. It is probably the county's inbred sense of style and its deep awareness of continuity which, with its neighbour Norfolk, have been left undisturbed for so long by so much 20th-century clamour. West Suffolk particularly — Edmund's kingdom — is quietly, almost secretly wealthy. This aspect of the district never strikes the traveller as it would if he were visiting the Cotswolds or Wiltshire. Its feudalism suits some writers and shocks others. The late Justin Brooke, who fruit-farmed on a large scale near Bury St. Edmunds, wrote a kind of topographical autobiography just before his death last year in which he unblushingly reveals the squirarchic benevolence of an enlightened Georgian. But other sojourners rebelled, and Phillip O'Connor, in *Living in Croesor*, declares that Suffolk chilliness and Suffolk snobbery drove him from East Anglia and into Wales! This is believed to be the latest instance of Angles v. Celt persecution ever recorded in the county.

Bury St. Edmunds, first the capital of what was in effect a kind of ecclesiastical palatinate and then of the lawyer-aristocrats who created the parks, is stirring again, after all those Rip Van Winkle years that followed the departure of the exiled Louis Philippe and of the youthful Dickens, who stayed at the Angel Hotel. There are Victorian aspects of Bury, though the general impression is of a town of fantastic residual elegance stepping straight from fanlights into fibreglass. "*The Montpelier of Suffolk and perhaps of England*", as Defoe described it—he had just come out of prison and thus had an excuse for being rapturous about clean air—is once more on the move. The L.C.C. Town Expanders are in for a windfall, for Bury is a residential dream. Nothing but the best, architecturally speaking, has been its policy for a millenium. Even the great Norman Gate has a certain European sophistication, and then one remembers that it isn't English-Norman at all but Italian Romanesque, built by Abbot Anselm who had come to Bury St. Edmunds from the Aventine Hill in Rome. It remains near-perfect while the vast church it guarded has long disappeared, torn down by the townsfolk themselves in order to provide rubble for houses and garden walls.



As for the saint, his bones along with his shirt and his sword and his toe-parings, and some drops of St. Stephen's blood, and quite a large fragment of the True Cross, and some of the coals on which St. Lawrence was broiled, and various fragments of holy virgins, and Becket's boots, and the skull of St. Petronilla—where are they now? Motes in that Montpelian air or dust beneath the Ministry of Works turf? Corporation salvias bleed and transistors swing like censers from the hands of country boys at the heart of the shrine.

Nearby, quietly, almost mysteriously, they are building a cathedral. A huge parish church designed by John Wastell, part-architect of King's College Chapel, Cambridge, is being lengthened, broadened, be-cloistered and be-towered, and all in a manner which suggests that nothing has happened to get excited about since 1480 and now. The masons from Ipswich are using the traditional materials

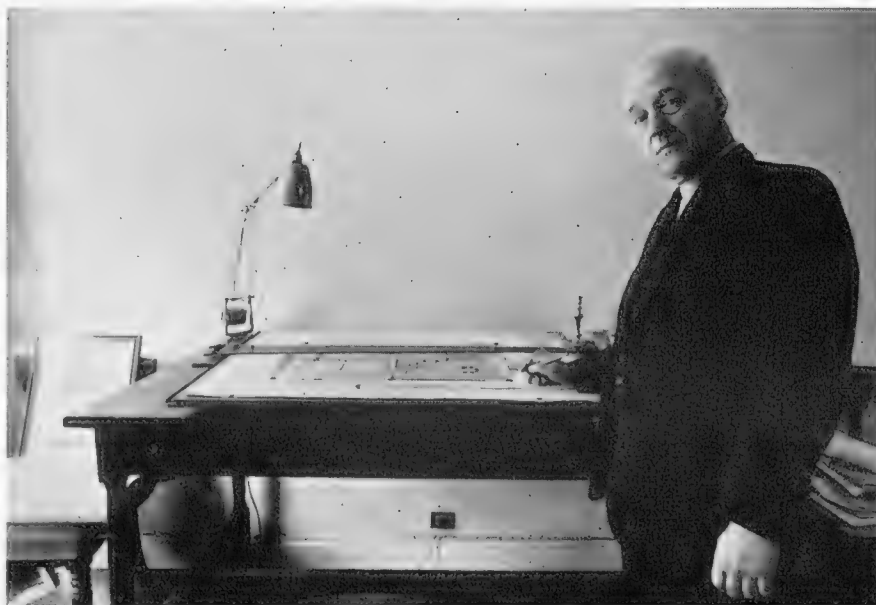
from the Barnack quarries and the Brandon flint workings. The Provost of St. Edmundsbury clasps a model of his completed cathedral as naturally as many a predecessor in stained glass windows all over the land. The cost of this building has been cheerfully rationalized by the Provost. The price of a 20th-century Gothic cathedral is the same as that for one Polaris missile, he says. Faced by such an object lesson, the county has dipped fairly deeply into its pocket, though not deep enough. £200,000 has been raised since 1956 but at least £300,000 more is required before the cathedral is completed. This year the work completed so far will be seen by the Archbishop of Canterbury when he leads a great pilgrimage to the town on the occasion of its diocesan jubilee.

Bury is used to paying top rates for its architecture. It commissioned Robert Adam to build its theatre, now the Town Hall, and houses by Soane, Day, Blomfield,

(Continued on page 171)



Above: Miss D. M. Lake is a Freeman of the Borough and doyen of Bury's municipal life. Her father was Mayor during Queen Victoria's Golden Jubilee year and she can remember being carried to balls at the Athenaeum in a sedan chair. Racy, authoritative, Miss Lake really is Bury. Above right: Mrs. Olga Ironside-Wood is the proto-presenter of Bury's historic theatre and has provided the vital inspiration for many of the town's more cerebral activities including a production of T. S. Eliot's *Murder in the Cathedral*. She is seen at Clopton Hall, her home in the Bury parklands. Right: Mr. S. E. Dykes Bower is the architect of the cathedral extensions at Bury; he is seen at his office in the Little Cloister, Westminster Abbey. Far right: Mr. Robert Elliott is headmaster of Bury's celebrated King Edward VI School, an historian, a bibliophile, amateur photographer, town councillor, Chairman of the Museum and Libraries Committee and Operatic Society and an ex-rugger player. Famous old boys of the school include Edward Fitzgerald and an adopted son of the King of Tonga.





Burrough, Sandys and many less well-known designers crowd its beautiful streets. There is no town of comparable size in England which gives so fine a Bannister Fletcher epitome of the last thousand years. The Theatre Royal, now in process of being restored after years of eclipse as a barrel store for the local brewers, was built by William Wilkins, who built the National Gallery. Its restoration has excited the townsfolk very much and the oldest among them can recall its moment of immortality when, on 29 February 1892, thirty people paid 2s. each to see the first performance of *Charley's Aunt*. Its recovery, under the chairmanship of the Duke of Grafton, will cost £50,000. Even the gaol at Bury, where the last murderer to be hanged was the slayer of Maria Martin in the Red Barn, was de-

signed by the man who designed gaols for the Czar.

At the beginning of the 18th century, Defoe, omnivorously observing as always, found Bury "crowded with nobility and gentry, and all sorts of the most agreeable company, and as the company invites, so there is the appearance of pleasure on the very situation; and they that live at Bury, are supposed to live there for the sake of it." The emigrants from London's facelessness are also coming to live in this small, stylish town for the sake of it and, presumably, to regain that true identity without which all community existence is fraudulent and life-destroying.

Bury St. Edmunds marks this fragment of time when it is poised between a magnificent past and an experimental

(continued on page 173)



Left: Dr. Pamela Tudor-Craig and Mr. James Tudor-Craig are custodians of the Rotunda at Ickworth for the National Trust; they are seen in the Silver Gallery there. The Tudor-Craigs came to Suffolk 3½ years ago. *Below left:* The Bishop of St. Edmundsbury and Ipswich, the Rt. Rev. Dr. A. M. Morris, who came to Suffolk from Yorkshire, is a man of consummate tact, simplicity—and energy. He is seen in the garden of the Bishop's House at Ipswich. *Bottom left:* Canon Rupert Godfrey, one-time Vicar of Aldeburgh, is now Vicar of St. Mary's, Bury, whose angel roof is one of the glories of English woodwork. Mary Tudor,

Queen of France and then Duchess of Suffolk, is buried in the sanctuary. In 1784 the churchwardens cut the long red-gold hair from her disinterred corpse and sold it by auction. It fetched £6 a tress. *Below:* The Provost of St. Edmundsbury, the Very Rev. J. A. H. Waddington, is a modern churchman with a very old problem: how to persuade the merchants of L.C.C. town expansion that man does not live by bread (and advertising) alone, and how to win their co-operation in building his new church. Most Bury people believe that he will solve it. Behind the Provost is Saint Anselm's ancient tower



future with a year of stately entertainments and ecclesiastical pomp which must seem quite like old times to the gargoyles on Abbot Anselm's tower. There is to be *Son et Lumière* to celebrate the 750th anniversary of the meeting of the Barons on St. Edmunds Day, 1214, to take the oath which led to the signing of Magna Carta. All through the summer the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, the Bishops of London, Chichester, Norwich, Hereford and Coventry, and many other leading

churchmen will be arriving in the town to honour the 50-year-old diocese which has been created from Edmund's 1,200-year-old kingdom, and to watch work progress on what must be Britain's least publicised cathedral. On 30 June, for three days, there is to be a revival of Olga Ironside Wood's brilliant production of *Murder In The Cathedral*. By the end of October, the commemorative processions, drama, stone-layings, balls, flower-shows, garden parties, concerts and flood-lighting will

have ceased—or at least be reduced to their customary limitations. The little Ile de la Cité grid with its protective band of Georgian town houses, and the rich park lands are to be cut off from each other by the new population, the new shopping habits, the new traders, the new leisure-seekers. Or are they? That is the question. It is being faced with a mixture of excitement and some resignation in Bury, a small town much experienced in huge ideas.





Whether your glass clinks with ice cubes, clatters with crushed ice or merely goes blurred with the chill of what's inside, the accent for all refreshers should be on the word *cool*. Even if the drink packs a delayed action explosion of internal warmth, its initial impression on the palate should be that of iced piquancy. Without running down those classic apéritifs, the dry Martini and the gin and tonic, I venture to suggest that they'd never have gained such sway if barmen in the 20s and 30s had been prepared to serve every single other appetizer either on the rocks, or good and chilled. This goes for the manzanilla and fino sherries, white port, sercial, vermouth and every one of the proprietary brands of apéritif—the only exceptions being vodka and schnapps, which should be as nearly frozen as it's possible to get them. It stands to reason that the purpose of a pre-prandial drink is to perk up the taste buds so that they're in trim for the serious business of eating; if the meal or the day has left you tired then a cool, soothing something is what is required.

There is a definite trend towards the drinking of straight vermouth—or a mixture of sweet and dry. You can vary this kind of thing with twists of lemon, dashes of soda, or compare your version of the Americano with that of your favourite barmen (I've never known two people make it alike—my own recipe is one-third Campari, two-thirds sweet vermouth, a twist of orange peel, and soda according to how thirsty I am). I haven't heard of anyone giving a vermouth tasting, but it could be educational. Meanwhile, Kettners always have a good selection of different types and brands, and you might try Noilly Prat's recently introduced Bianco, which is deliciously scented with nutmeg, or the classic Carpano, whose bitterish Punt e Mes is now partnered by a slightly sweet white one; taste these, in napkin-shrouded bottles, with white Cinzano and a Chambéry vermouth as well and see which you prefer. It should be stressed, perhaps, that vermouth is a *wine*; this means that, though it is good-humoured enough to remain in prime drinking condition for a week or so once opened, it will definitely not be at its best if you leave it for months, with the cork drawn, in a tepid sideboard next to the mothballs.

As the airlines telescope travel, so that the South Seas become within the quick flip radius, white rum is stealthily slinking into the chic range of mixtures. Just as those who once proclaimed their inability

in a glass coolly

to eat garlic now tend to out-waft anyone in Provence, so people who thought of rum as a rather soupy beverage, with sickly after-tastes and sensations, are discovering the charm of a delicately fiery spirit that makes all fruit juice taste like something out of the Garden of Eden. The Martinique rums, so popular in France, are definitely not cloying—I was introduced to them in Bordeaux by the House of Bardinnet, who certainly didn't want to dull my palate before the clarets we were going to taste at luncheon. Though the mixtures thought up by the barmen are gorgeous to have—like spinach—when someone else has done the work, you can found a most enjoyable Sunday morning drinks party on plenty of ice, white rum—try one called Old Nick—and a selection of fresh fruit juices. It couldn't be simpler and you can have soda water and tonic to taste.

The thing about all these drinks, however, is that they must be served correctly; a measure of green and yellow zarra, served over *crushed* ice, in a goblet, with a straw, is my insurance policy after a round of night clubs. It is *not* the same to have a minute glass with a spoonful of liqueur and a lump of ice in it. The Andalusia (orange juice and sherry) to which I was introduced at the Wellington Club; the Sundrider (a measure of brandy and Cointreau, poured over crushed ice, with orange juice) which is a late-night reviver taught me by the barman at the Yard Arm Club, and the Buck's Fizz (orange juice and champagne) which I adore, but have naturally never had in the masculine atmosphere of Buck's Club, are each of them superb summer drinks. But the orange juice *must* be freshly squeezed—the most expensive bottle or tin just can't provide the same enjoyment.

Though there is seldom a wine that is "new", any more than there is a "new" food, there certainly are wines coming into Britain today that until recently were either pessimistically supposed not to travel and didn't, or that were entirely consumed on their home ground. I tasted some sparkling wines from Germany, as the guest of Guthrie & Company, of which one called Cantor Sekt seemed very good value for 4s. 9d. for summer parties when nothing too dry is required. And the range of wines from Australia stocked at the Australian Wine Centre in Frith Street is well worth exploring—try the white ones bottled in Australia, well under a pound a bottle, or the many red and white, cheaper ones, that, in bearing names such as

Seppelt, Lindeman and Château Tahbilk, are creating the same sort of tradition that started in the Bordeaux region when Pepys referred to "Ho Bryan." Though science may not give us extra centuries of life, it's a nice form of snobbism to be able to be in on the start of a fashion and in maybe less than 20 years we shall probably be drinking the South African and Australian wines as matter-of-factly as we drink the bourgeois growths of claret and "baby" burgundies today.

And as what one *always* wants in wine is the fairly inexpensive bottle so much at the top of its form that it really is capable of turning a supper party into a bit of an occasion, here are some recently enjoyed bottles. (I hasten to say that, though good bread, butter, cheese and a superlative or even just a decent bottle are, as far as I'm concerned, able to make me cheerfully dispense with rare viands and certainly that dreary-sounding old "thou" of the poem, I do *not* feel equally amiable when facing elaborate and expensive fare accompanied by a warm bottle of Entre Deux Mers picked up on the way home.) Two clarets that seem just right now are the Château Robert 1959, from Bourg (about 10s. from Cockburn & Co.) and the Château Canon, Canon-Fronsac 1957 (about 12s. from Edward Roche). If you want a very fine Châteauneuf-du-Pape, estate-bottled, to accompany a dish that may include aubergines, tomatoes and garlic, but which is still a dinner-party, there's the 1959 Château Rayas (about 25s. from O. W. Loeb). As this property also produces a very fine white Châteauneuf-du-Pape, stocked by the same merchant, specify whether you want a red or white wine—it is interesting, anyway, to compare the two. Finally, a very fruity white wine—I should think it would be good with salmon or salmon trout—the beautiful Alsatian muscat (nothing to do with Muscatel), also estate-bottled, from Preiss-Zimmer. The 1959 vintage seems to me at its peak now, and it costs about a pound from Hatch Mansfield, Trinity Vaults, Coopers Row. This would also be a Glyndebourne picnic sort of wine, as would any of the fine dry Stein wines from Franconia, in their squat boxbeutels.

Indeed, the more I think about wines for summer, the more essential so many of them seem—either to enhance our own sunshine, or, under grey skies, to bring a reminder of the care that, somewhere, gathered sun-ripened grapes to make glad even the most northern heart.

BY PAMELA VANDYKE PRICE



A typically colourful dress from Mexico in tropical turquoise cotton with rows of pintucking shaping the yoke and the bell sleeves. £6 19s. 6d. at Mexicana. The demure hair-style is a sleek after-bathing wig, on a spring band. 23 gns. at Woollands

HOLIDAY HITS

Your clothes may be chosen, your tickets booked, your cases almost packed . . . but the chances are that there's a gap somewhere, a jigsaw-piece missing, one last brilliant addition that might be added to complete the picture. Unity Barnes throws out some ideas for last-minute buys, any one of which could be the hit of your holiday. Drawings by Alfredo Bouret



Sunflower yellow coarse cotton dress from Mexico with many-coloured silk hand-embroidered yoke, sleeves to the elbows, thong belt. 8 gns. at Mexicana, Lower Sloane Street. Brown willow basket with scarlet binding and handles, 3 gns. at Woollands



To see what white can do for a golden tan, try the effect of this cool white Irish linen shirt edged choir-boy style with heavy white cotton lace. By Donald Davies, 6½ gns. at The Victoria and Albert Boutique, Victoria Grove, W.8

Left: coolly good-looking resort suit by Tiktiner in chocolate brown linen, the jacket half-belted with big patch pockets, the trousers sleek and straight. The brown-spotted white linen overblouse is camisole shaped. 29 gns. at Fortnum & Mason.

Lower right: little turquoise flowers massed on black poplin make a pair of slim trousers topped by a vivid turquoise poplin shirt.

Centre right: to show off long brown legs, the shirt tucks loosely inside brief hip-level shorts of the same print. By Oriane of Capri, 19 gns. for the set at 61 Park Lane. Safari beach hat in palm straw with inset coloured spectacles, 10s. from Mexicana, 39 Lower Sloane Street



HOLIDAY HITS



A deliciously exotic way to dress for Mediterranean moonlight: Emilio Pucci's white chiffon tunic top and long, wide-legged pantaloons printed with a delicate tracery of flowers. 60 gns. at Woollands. *Right*: from France, a holiday dress for gay girls in

black and white spotted all-stretch Helanca fabric, with scarlet cord over the shoulders and lacing low across the bare back. 16 gns. at Nicholas, Conduit Street. Palm straw matador hat, 10s. at Mexicana. Beauty case in shiny emerald mock-patent, 9 gns. at Woollands





HOLIDAY HITS

Opposite page :
a miniature
poncho in
brilliant
turquoise linen
geometrically
striped with
black to slip
over a swimsuit.
By Lida Ascher,
5 gns. at the
Elizabeth Arden
Boutique, Old
Bond Street ;
County Clothes,
Cheltenham.
Mexican peon
hat in grass-
green straw,
10s. at Mexicana.
Left : strip off to
catch every
invigorating
sun-ray in a
minimal bikini
of black silk
printed with red
and gold.
Right : cover up,
when you must,
with a tabard in
the same silk,
14 gns. at
Simpson



on plays

John Salt / Goodness, how we laughed!

My Goodness how they all laughed in 1945, those old enough to be at the Comedy Theatre for the first night of Philip King's farce *See How They Run*, and those not prevented from attending by the exigencies of World War II. We were all pretty busy at the time, as I recall, and we certainly needed something to laugh at. The war itself took a hand in the production, three doodle-bugs—they were the kind whose engines cut out just before the awful—crashed on London during the first performance, but I prefer to believe that escapism was not the chief reason for the play's success. It ran for 18 months—a total of 589 performances. The real reason of course was that Mr. King had written a good farce that deserved to run under any conditions.

But sad to relate, it is not a classic farce and the proof of that is amply demonstrated in the current revival at the Vaudeville, itself not the most fortunate of theatres in recent months. Perhaps it would have helped to play the revival in period and then again perhaps not, for those noisy and deprived mid-forties themselves represented no kind of period that anybody would care to remember. Instead the author, who himself plays a central character, the Bishop of Lax, and plays it well, has elected to update his dialogue with Ringos and with Bingos and one character is even urged by another to get more "with it."

This is sad, and more, it is a mistake. We are being asked to imagine a whole world outside this sunlit, mid-afternoon vicarage drawing room. We can take the rose garden because that's where the policemen and the escaped convict have to hide, and the garage because that's where the maid punctures the tyre of the militant maiden lady who is secretly after the vicar. But the rest doesn't matter and certainly a world of the 60s doesn't matter unless, as I suspect and fear, the author feels he has to throw us some sop of topicality to stimulate our suspension of disbelief. Farce doesn't need a world outside. It exists of itself with its crazed logic, its mistaken identities, its mislaid trousers, its maiden ladies and counterfeit vicars locked in closets and its furiously open-

ing and closing doors, or it doesn't exist at all.

Not that Mr. King needs any telling how to write farce or indeed how to write drama. He must be judged by the highest standards. It is just that something more is needed, something that could keep a shining trifle fresh and newly minted over twenty years. One would need genius for that. The play itself contains the moral. The vicar's wife in *See How They Run* is a former actress. The surprise arrival of her former leading man precipitates the action. The high point of their joint theatrical careers was playing the lead roles in *Private Lives*. Much mention is made of this. *Private Lives* I said. Now *there* was a play!

Still there's no question that one can still enjoy *See How They Run* and if the laughs sometimes lag there is one performance of consistent excellence, that of Mr. Ian Trigger as a visiting clergyman, to help the thing along. It is in this play that one of the nicest lines in English comedy occurs, "Sergeant, arrest most of these people," though my own favourite is the moment when a character is adjured "not to stand there supplicating like that."

The part of an ageing, tweedy English Miss who gets most

beautifully drunk is always a gift and Miss Joan Sanderson makes the most of it. Nominated also for merit are Mr. Derek Nimmo as the Reverend Lionel Toop, incumbent of Merton-cum-Middlewick, and Miss Rosemary Martin as his wife. Direction was by Mr. Alexander Doré, Mr. Stanley Moore was the designer and set dressings were by Tazcena Firth.

Laughter at the Savoy Theatre in the same week was sporadic and basically uneasy. The play is called *The First Fish*, it is by the American writer Mr. Frank Tarloff and it is described on the programme as a comedy. I think we should have known that anyway because the central character is dear Mr. Ronan O'Casey, no defter hand with a throw-away line. The trouble with this play is that most of his lines should have been thrown away before they reached the stage.

The great, respectable theatre-going public loves something saucy and is entitled to get it once in a while. Mr. Tarloff seems to be offering it when one considers the plot. Mr. O'Casey, pushing 45 and crochety with it, is many, many degrees under. He is an advertising man without a slogan or the ability to think one up. His partners in the agency want to buy him out. Enter to the rescue his wife, Miss Moira Lister, who decides that her husband needs a victory, just a small one. She hires him a call girl to provide it. How saucy can you get? Well you can get a lot saucier, says Mr. Tarloff. Have the hus-

band acquire a taste for such capers; it has been known. Then let him embark on a whole series of them while at the same time restoring him to par and then raising him high above it. Make him the toppest, toughest advertising tycoon on Madison Avenue and then everybody should be happy. I don't think anybody was, either on stage or off. The best friend who procures the call-girl, Mr. Ray Barrett, seemed at one stage to have developed a profound distaste for the whole proceedings. I am bound to say that I shared his view.

But there is something good at the Savoy which other London theatres aspiring to domestic American drama might well emulate. I am no authority on the American accent, only the mid-Atlantic one, but it is fortunate that Mr. O'Casey is a Canadian and so is the enchanting Miss Suzanne Lloyd who plays the call girl. Maybe I haven't been on Madison Avenue recently, but their accents were authentic enough for me. The best friend's girl friend, Miss Louie Ramsay, in private life Mrs. Ronan O'Casey, was born in South Africa, as was Miss Moira Lister, though I hope we can call them our own by now. Mr. Barrett comes from Australia and it may well be that this diversity of background gives them that enviable ability to sustain New York for three acts without ever falling back into the borough of Kensington. Anyway they fooled me and I only wish I had seen them all in a better play



Moira Lister and Suzanne Lloyd appear in *The First Fish* at the Savoy

on films

Elspeth Grant / Converted to Beatledom

They really are dear boys, The Beatles. Before I saw *A Hard Day's Night* I was inclined to reach for the insecticide at the mere mention of their names: I still deplore the abominable hair-cut they made fashionable (though it looks better on them than on their imitators) and I still curdle over their bait-for-teenagers calf-love songs (though the arrangements are often clever) but I can now think of the chaps themselves with affection.

They are naturals—unaffected, unspoilt and strictly down to earth. They are also, which compels my admiration, dazzlingly professional in their routine numbers and they share a dry, deadpan line of humour that I adore. I am, as you may have gathered, completely sold on The Beatles.

Mr. Alun Owen's delightfully unpretentious screenplay has covered what could well be a typical day in the hectic lives of Messrs. Paul McCartney (the pretty one), John Lennon (the astute one), George Harrison (the self-contained one) and Ringo Starr (the one with the drooping mouth and sad "hoote")—though it's to be hoped they do not usually have to travel around with such a rare old "mixer" as Mr. Wilfrid Brambell. It turns out to be in the role of Mr. McCartney's Grandp.

There isn't much of a story but, as comedy situations are rife, there doesn't need to be. It's enough to see The Beatles amiably tormenting their harassed manager (Mr. Norman Rossington), adroitly dodging hordes of screaming fans, zip-pily enlivening a tedious railway journey, clowning in the bathroom, creating chaos in a TV studio and (this is the film's most engaging sequence) erupting from a locked dressing room to romp like mad things in an open field.

A press conference shows them politely coping with journalists' inane questions ("What do you call that hair-style?" "Arthur."); a little needling from Mr. Brambell sends Mr. Starr off on a lone ramble, fraught with pathos and hilarious disaster; a TV rehearsal totally unnerves the camp producer (excellent Mr. Victor Spinetti)—and then The Beatles, immaculately dressed and beaming, go into their polished act before a live audience of hysterical 'teenagers,

whom one could wish dead (or, anyway, dumb) as the noise they make is positively alarming. The film has been very well directed by Mr. Richard Lester and brilliantly edited, for maximum pace, by Mr. John Jympson. I think you'll love it.

There was a magic about Mr. Alfred Hitchcock's earlier (let's say pre-"Psycho" period) films that kept me riveted to my seat, knotted with suspense. It is absent from *Marnie*.

It has Miss "Tippi" Hedren, in the title role, playing a pretty young woman who hates men, is a compulsive thief, can't stand thunderstorms and comes over queer at the sight of red—all on account of something horrid that happened to her as a child. Mr. Sean Connery, looking exactly like James Bond, is the rich widower who catches her robbing her employer and, fascinated by her peculiar behaviour, marries her—only to discover she'd rather die than go to bed with him.

This (such being the vanity of men) convinces him that

Miss Hedren ought to have her head examined—so, after studying a handy manual called, if I remember rightly, *Sexual Aberrations of the Criminal Female*, Mr. Connery turns amateur psychiatrist and in next to no time (what's 130 minutes, anyway?) has Miss Hedren nicely straightened out (a feat that many a professional psychiatrist might envy).

Mr. Hitchcock has a regular field-day, raking up the unsavoury incident that blighted Miss Hedren's life and threw her off her rocker—but the cruel zest with which it's done is a mite off-putting. Not that I felt any real sympathy for the poor girl: though Miss Hedren has much improved as an actress since "The Birds," I have to admit her properly cold Marnie left me properly cold, too. Miss Diane Baker, as a smouldering brunette with designs on Mr. Connery, gives by far the most interesting performance in the film.

Mr. Walt Disney can always be relied upon to provide some suitable entertainment for the young during the school hols.: *The Moon-Spinners*, a jolly if somewhat naïve little melodrama set in Crete, is just the job. 18 years-old Miss Hayley Mills, looking perhaps a trifle

over-robust, is breathlessly involved with Mr. Peter McEnery in an effort to retrieve a necklace of priceless emeralds stolen from him in London by Mr. Eli Wallach—a ruthless rogue of deliciously ferocious mien.

Miss Mills saves Mr. McEnery's life when Mr. Wallach has shot him and Mr. McEnery saves hers when Mr. Wallach has locked her in a vastly picturesque windmill—and it's all great fun. Mr. John Le Mesurier is wonderfully suave as a crooked British Consul, Miss Sheila Hancock as gloriously comic as his wife, an ex-nurse "once known as the angel of Eastbourne"—and Miss Pola Negri is quite fabulous as a multi-millionairess jewel-collector who keeps a tame cheetah aboard her yacht, has survived "two wars four revolutions and five husbands" but professes herself utterly foxed by the rum situation in which she now finds herself.

Miss Negri, I may say, looks far from foxed: she has a magnificent presence and a personality that comes over from the screen like a blow from a mailed fist. She is the grandest *grande dame* and the most formidable *femme fatale* combined—and I wouldn't have missed her for anything in the world.



Pola Negri, star of the silent screen, returns in *The Moon Spinners*

on books

Oliver Warner / Cultural rivalry

What fun J. B. Priestley must have had writing **Sir Michael and Sir George** (Heinemann 21s.) which might almost be described as an extravaganza. What makes me hesitate is the fact that anyone who has served in such an organization as COMSA or DISCUS, the two "cultural" bodies round which the story revolves, will realize that neither plot, characters nor incidents strain the credulity too severely. Sir Michael, head of COMSA, is a wild Scot, attractive to women, and official rival of Sir George, who is Secretary-General of the more governmental DISCUS, and a regular civil servant. One may be sure who will get the worst of it, for Sir George is the bureaucratic type, while his rival is anything but. I was even convinced by Sir Michael's romance with a suburban typist who turns out to be the daughter of a wartime fighter pilot, but to say that the tale ends happily is to forget the leprechaun figure of Tim Kemp, a "rogue" Principal who flits ginnily from one organization to the other. Tim ends up in neither, since both are to be "suppressed," but he continues to haunt Sir George who, on Mr. Priestley's showing, de-

serves it. Enjoyment is guaranteed. It will be enjoyment plus for those who know their COMSAs and DISCUSs from inside, yet still regard them with affection.

If Tim Kemp is a civil service "rogue," Sir Sidney Smith (1764-1840) was undoubtedly a naval one. In **The Knight of the Sword** by Lord Russell of Liverpool (Gollancz 25s.) the author has essayed a "life and letters" of this self-assured character. It is a swift-paced book about varied sea and diplomatic adventures in many parts of the world, which brought Smith into contact with most of the greater naval and political figures of his time. Smith's fame rests on his brilliant defence of Acre against Bonaparte, an episode in the Corsican's "Eastern Expedition" of 1798, and it showed the Englishman, then a mere post-captain, to be a master of improvisation. Nothing in Smith's later career quite came up to that, but he was seldom long out of the news and never without a ferment of ideas, generally designed to show his own gifts to advantage. This is not a definitive life, for the background is oddly sketchy, and there are careless errors, but

the story was so worth retelling that it is good to have an up-to-date version.

Varda: the Flight of a Falcon by Robert Murphy (Cassell 21s.) is in a tradition established long ago by Henry Williamson in books like *Tarka the Otter*. The writer identifies himself with a wild creature, and the sympathetic reader does the same. Varda was hatched in northern Canada, her autumn flight being down the 3,000 mile migratory route, to a lonely island in Florida. Once she is caught and used by a falconer, but she gets away, only to have another near escape and to be freed through a chance encounter to find what promises to be ultimate liberation. Such a theme requires simplicity of narrative and a spirit of acceptance. Mr. Murphy brings it off. His writing is free from sentimentality, and Varda convinces. This might not be so with a falconer: I can only speak as a receptive reader.

Spanish Leaves, by Honor Tracy (Methuen 21s.) is an account of wanderings in Spain in the course of which the author, already a seasoned traveller in this surprising land, describes people and adventures in Barcelona, Cordoba, Malaga, Burgos, Toledo, Avila and in Madrid itself, for which she has a special affection. This is good observation; one ends the book knowing a handful of Spaniards reasonably well, with

a tidy slice of their background thrown in. Perhaps the book is too casual in structure, and one really misses an index, for it is a bore having to flounder round to find and re-read passages, like the lightning tour of the Prado, that have specially taken one's fancy.

Briefly . . . Do you enjoy adventures by boat, in the manner of old-time Jerome K. Jerome—what might be called bunkside reading? John Colson produced a good example in *The Goose and I*. His follow-up, **Goose up the Creek** (Michael Joseph 21s.) is a string of larks on inland waterways in this country. There are very appropriate drawings by John Jenson . . . The best of my fiction—Mr. Priestley apart—is **The Garriek Year** by Margaret Drabble (Weidenfeld & Nicholson 18s.) which concerns the experiences of an actor and his wife (emphasis on the wife) in a West Country town, where the husband takes a job. Good psychology, honest interpretation of motive, and a fundamental reconciliation to life make this attractive reading.

I will only report the fact of a new Erle Stanley Gardner, **The Case of the Calendar Girl** (Heinemann 15s.) because I prefer Perry Mason on TV to the printed page. Likewise I report Henry Miller's **Nexus** (Weidenfeld & Nicholson 25s.), a long book, "experience" rather than fiction, with the usual generous quota of sex.

on records

Gerald Lascelles / Look, no hands!

I always like to think that big bands settle down to a blowing session without their eyes being glued to the band parts on those rickety-looking music stands which seem to be a permanent part of any record studio. **Woody Herman—1964** (Philips) is the sort of music I mean. The band gets off the ground from the first bar of an exhilarating *Hallelujah Time*, and never lets up blowing until the last bar of *Cousins*. By the time these words are in print Woody will have been and gone in England—a ridiculously short and poorly publicized tour by a group that *must* be heard. One of their more remarkable aspects is that, apart from veteran Woody, the leader, they are all young musicians who prove their worth in every possible way. The arrangements are mainly by pianist Nat Pierce and Bill Holman, and are notable for their swinging uncomplicated gait.

The Gil Evans band which accompanies altoist Cannonball Adderley on **Roots** (Fontana) is laced with big names, and produces some very solid music, but I have to admit that my attention is mostly concentrated on Cannonball's solo work. Evans is regarded as one of the greatest arrangers in jazz today, but despite his concentration on clever voicing and the constant variety of sound, he is inclined to produce some unnecessarily un-swinging passages. As a platform for the intensely swinging Adderley saxophone he falls a little short of the mark, but the general acceptability of this album is wide.

New York's Town Hall has been the scene of many concerts, both classical and jazz, but there was a memorable one set up by Charlie Mingus in October 1962. It featured a 30-piece band, some tricky writing, and an audience that

many critics would have described as slightly restive—they are hardly allowed to intrude on this album—titled **Town Hall Concert** (United Artists). Charlie's two greatest assets are his capacity for playing the double bass and an almost uncanny sense, in the sixth degree, to produce sounds both unpredictable and conventional in close context. There are moments when I feel that I am an intruder at a rehearsal scene where no listening mortals were intended to tread, yet moments later I am treated to sounds which could only have originated from the invisible pen of Ellington. Such is the spread of the restless seeking mind of Mingus, sometimes a sombre arranger obsessed with the dark sounds which emerge from his bass fiddle, but often content to explore the realm of confusion in extemporization in his special *ad lib* way. During the finale there are at least three different units, each launching their ideas on a well-known Ellington theme. It needs two choruses for them all to get remotely in line! That's not what I call control, which

should surely be a leader's first task.

Billy Taylor is a pianist who usually works with his own excellent trio, but **Right Here, Right Now** (Capitol) is a new album in which a big band backing is imposed, under the direction of Oliver Nelson. The band sounds loose and swinging, as I would expect, but the pianist is too much tied down in his explorations.

Jazz historians will revel in **Swingin' at Maida Vale** (Ace of Clubs), which features the work of multi-instrumentalist Benny Carter with British musicians during 1936, when he was working in this country. Carter's great gift for writing themes is typified by *Nightfall*, *Just a Mood* and *Waltzin' the Blues*, the latter underlining the present-day trend for jazz composition in 3/4 beat, and being almost certainly the first in the field. At a time when jazz was a closed book to most European musicians, trumpeter Tommy McQuater and pianist Gerry Moore proved themselves more than capable of playing good solos in *Royal Garden Blues*.

on galleries

Robert Wraight / Sculptures of stature

No one who saw the recent exhibition at the Tate Gallery, *Painting and Sculpture of a Decade 54-64*, can have missed her—the massive, moon-breasted fertility symbol called *La Terre*. She dominated the room in which she stood, not simply by her size, but by the mysterious organic quality with which she seemed to invest the bronze of which she was made. Her cankered potato of a face wore a Gioconda smile (the real face of the symbol was the smooth, bulging front of her torso). Her back was blasted by deep jagged fissures and a big rounded crater.

This grotesque goddess was the first major work to be seen in London of the French sculptor Jean Ipousteguy. Now she is at the Hanover Gallery, Mayfair, in Ipousteguy's first one-man show here, a show that confirms the impression *La Terre* gave that her creator is a remarkable artist. He is remarkable chiefly for the boldness with which he ranges to and fro across the border

between figuration and abstraction. Most sculptors today are either abstract or figurative. Ipousteguy is both, and sometimes both at the same time.

But it is in his strictly figurative works that he is most impressive, in *La Terre* and in the even more imposing *L'Homme*, a 6 ft. 7 ins. bronze figure of a three-legged man with arms outstretched. Even without the extra leg (which successfully creates the impression that the figure is walking) this is a strikingly powerful thing, reminiscent of classical Greek sculpture at its most vigorous. But here again the surface of the bronze is pitted with deep fissures in places and the back is cleft as if with a giant meat-axe.

The artist has explained that he makes these fissures and craters by dropping pieces of hardened cement into the not-yet-hardened cement in which he is working. Why he does it may perhaps be explained by this passage from his own writings (he is a prolific writer

of notebooks): "*Ma proposition la plus ordinaire? Faire entrer l'image de l'homme dans le domaine des formes communes, et ou étranges, nommées et innommées et ou innomables qui est son univers journalier...*"

As I understand him, his intention is to create a type of visual metaphor that relates Man to his surroundings in a similar way to that used by Henry Moore, but deliberately eschewing the lyricism that is inherent in everything Moore does. A difficult artist, M. Ipousteguy, but one worth making an effort to go along with.

By comparison all the other exhibitions I have visited this week make very little demand upon the viewer. Even the 22 pictures by Picasso now at Gimpel's Gallery are in idioms now too familiar to create either surprise or difficulty. They date from 1945 to 1961 and show that, contrary to the obstinately maintained myth, the Master at 83 is no longer as "young, inventive and virile, etc.," as ever. The only painting of 1961 in the show, one of his many variations on Manet's *Le Déjeuner sur l'Herbe*, is such poor stuff that I wonder how it was ever allowed out of his

studio. But there are compensations among the earlier paintings.

The Lefèvre Gallery's summer exhibition is a very mixed bag that provides some alarming contrasts of style—Anne Redpath and Bernard Buffet, Jean Commère and L. S. Lowry, Carzou and Edward Burra, James Taylor and Marcel Gromaire. The two Gromaire paintings are particularly welcome because this important 71 years-old artist, so highly esteemed in Paris, has rarely exhibited in London though the prices his pictures command on the few occasions when they do appear, suggest that he is not without some fervent admirers here.

The exhibition of drawings, woodcuts and etchings by Edward Gordon Craig, now at the Leicester Galleries, is certain to attract hordes of theatre people, but it would be a mistake to think it is of interest only to them. Craig, who is 91, has, or had (the latest work in the show was executed in 1930), a very real talent as a graphic artist and the woodcuts especially are worthy of the attention of students of this neglected medium.

Helen Burke / Fresh fruits for dessert

DINING IN

We are the most fortunate country for fresh fruits and vegetables. So soon do supplies from one part of the world cease than similar fruits and vegetables reach us from elsewhere. Often they overlap.

We are now receiving French peaches from the valleys of the Garonne and Rhone, and from Roussillon in Provence.

Conveniently, peaches and raspberries are here at the same time and *Pêche Melba* remains an incomparable summer ice cream sweet. Make or buy real cream ice cream for four servings and allow half a ripe peach for each. Press up to 1 lb. of rich ripe raspberries through a sieve fine enough to catch the seeds, and blend the *purée* well with two or three tablespoons of cold melted redcurrant jelly (not table jelly).

Chill the sauce. As the peaches will discolour when cut, leave their preparation until just before the meal. Drop them into boiling water for a second. Lift them out with a wide slatted spoon and

put them in ice-cold water. Slip off the skin, then halve each peach and remove the stones.

Place the ice cream in a chilled shallow serving-dish. Arrange the halved peaches on top and spoon the raspberry sauce around, but not over, them. Better still, to save the precious sauce, serve the sweet in individual glasses. Alternatively you can buy a bottle of Escoffier's *Melba Sauce* (2s. 9d.).

Later in the year when fresh peaches are no longer available, bottled or canned ones are good substitutes, but their flavour is quite different.

Pêche Chevreuse, created by Jourlet, is a special occasion sweet. We do not see much of it these days, possibly because of its semolina base. Instead of making it in a ring mould, I make it in a cake tin.

For four to five servings, bring $\frac{1}{2}$ pint each of water and semi-sweet wine to the boil. Sprinkle in a generous 2 oz. of fine semolina and cook for several minutes, stirring all

the time until it thickens. Away from the heat, add 2 oz. of vanilla sugar and whisk in an egg white so quickly that it does not get time to cook in streaks.

Whisk two more egg whites and lightly fold them into the mixture. Turn it into a buttered and sugared aluminium cake tin, 7 to 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter, and level it off. Cover with buttered paper. Stand the tin in a pan of hot water and bake for 30 to 35 minutes at 350 to 375 degrees Fahr. (or gas mark 4 to 5). Remove and allow to cool. Turn the "cake" on to a flattish dish which will provide a level space for it.

Meanwhile skin, halve and stone four peaches as above. Poach them in a syrup made with 6 oz. of sugar, a piece of vanilla pod and $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of water. Remove and drain them. Arrange all but one half peach around the "cake" and chill it.

Whip together $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of chilled double cream and 2 tablespoons of sifted icing sugar until it holds a definite peak. (This whipping of the cream with sugar in it lessens the likelihood of the cream becoming butter, but be careful just the same.) Heap most of this cream on top of the cake and pipe the remainder between the halved peaches. Place the remaining half peach on top and scatter

cocktail cherries, angelica, candied pineapple and/or crystallized violets around it. Coat the peaches with a little apricot glaze. I suggest Escoffier's *Apricot Sauce*.

In an unpretentious little book, *Clementine in the Kitchen*, which I bought in the United States some years ago, I found a recipe which I have used whenever peaches and strawberries were available at the same time. The book is by Phineas Beck who is, I am sure, Samuel Chamberlain, the author of such delicious books as *French and Italian Bouquets*.

Clementine was his family cook in France. On the outbreak of World War II, she travelled to the United States with the Beck family. Here is Clementine's *Fruits Rafraichis Du Cardinal*, which she rightly describes as "cool, refreshing, delectable finish of a perfect dinner."

"In a crystal bowl, place alternate layers of thin fresh pineapple strips, handsome strawberries, quarters of peeled fresh peaches and quarters of navel oranges with all white membranes removed. Leave in the icebox (refrigerator) for two hours, then cover the fruit with a *purée* of strawberries mashed with sugar and flavoured with a few spoonfuls of brandy or Kirsch."



double image

Good looks by Elizabeth Williamson

Imagine the effect of a fringe on a forehead cool and bare. If the idea of having it irrevocably cut worries you, try a false one that fixes in when you want it. It cuts down the amount of face that shows and alters structure amazingly. Double image in the picture is by Gerard Austen at Carita who fixed the hairpiece to a bare forehead style. These are made exactly to match your own hair. Imagine little or no lipstick if lips are usually bright petunia pink. Just add a glaze of something soft and vulnerable looking. Childish, bare lipsticks are Elizabeth Arden's Fragile Pink, Revlon's Super Natural, Guerlain's Bruyère.

Even a muted layer of foundation is often enough. But, skin must be coloured sunny to take the bare truth of natural lips. Imagine being able to miss a hairdressing appointment and not show it. One way is to clean hair with a new dry cleaner that is sensibly coloured to match hair. A disadvantage up to now has been the white colour of the powder that left a slight mist in the hair. This is an emergency measure and works best on greasy hair. Calypso costs 1s. a sachet. Another way is to hide hair. A bright idea from a hairdresser is a quilted scarf that ties back like a peasant one but has enough substance to make it smarter than a headscarf. Pretty in Provencale cotton or a pale one sewn with marguerites. At Gordon St. Claire, Lowndes Street.

Albert Adair / Chinese screens

ANTIQUES

Open-plan living and the need for room dividers may have caused the increasing interest in screens of all types, particularly those fashioned in Coromandel work. This highly coloured Chinese art was considered too gaudy when first brought into England and there was small demand, though on the Continent they were more synonymous with the tastes for interior decoration. In England it was the vogue at the end of the 18th Century to design furniture in the Chinese style. Many Coromandel screens or chests were taken apart and the gaily painted pictures were transplanted into English Chinoiserie, a process which led to the near annihilation of original Coromandel work. Even today some decorators think of converting panels from these beautiful screens into coffee tables by the addition of

four legs and a price tag!

Our ancestors would have known Coromandel screens as "Bantam work," a name that derived from the port of Bantam on the West coast of the Dutch East Indies, from which the majority of the goods were shipped.

Requiring painstaking care, Coromandel work was brought to a fine art by the Chinese during the Kang Hsi and early Ch'ien Lung periods, and they achieved a finish which has escaped all European endeavours. The brilliant Coromandel screen was brought into being by several intricate processes, the first of which was the making of a wooden screen in rough, soft timber. This wooden base was then covered with a cement-like mud dredged from the river beds (in many instances even mud from the province of Kaolin). This was then laced

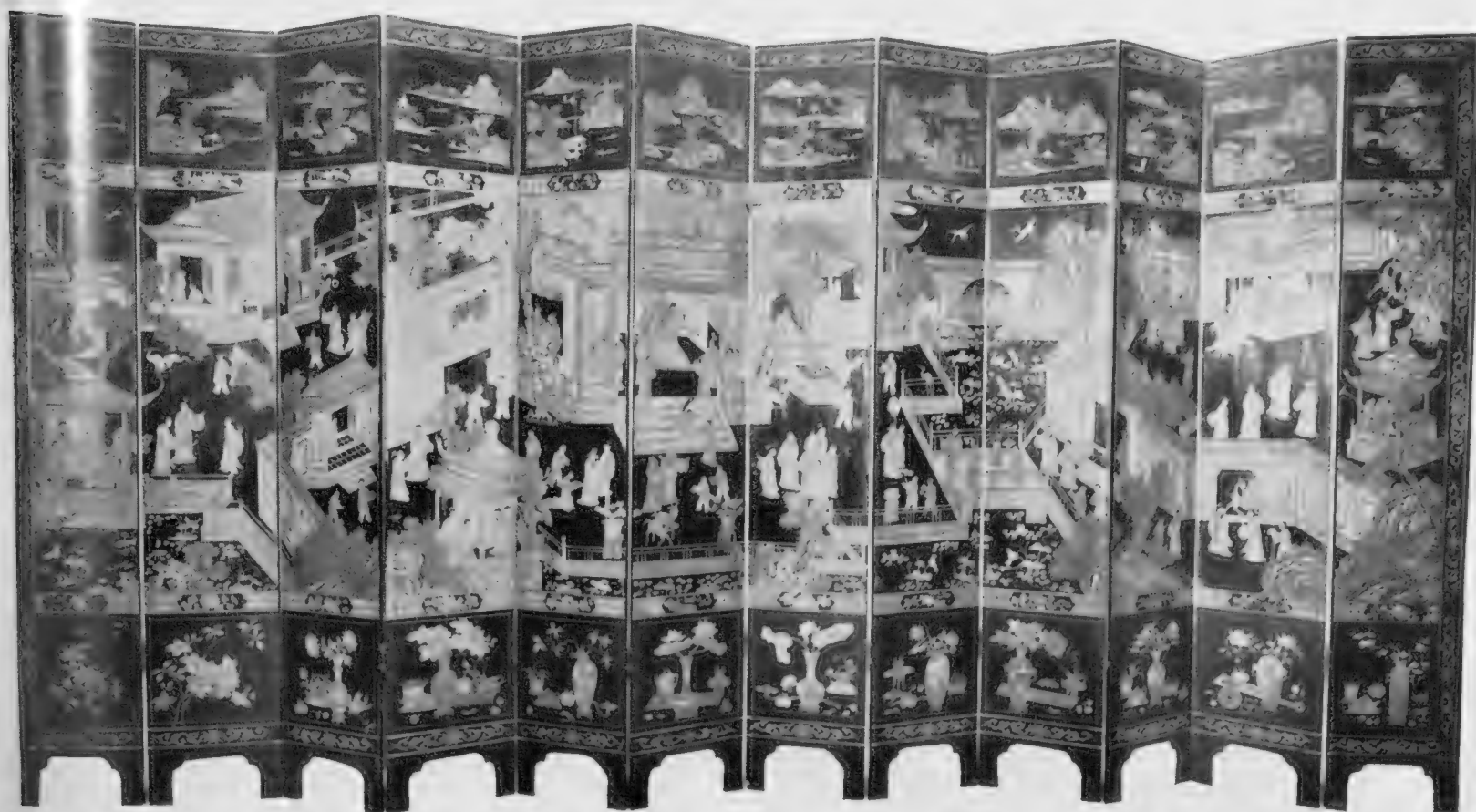
with straw and allowed to harden. Once the "cement" was completely hard, layers of lacquer were applied, but here again each layer had to be set before the next could be applied. A type of resin gum, Shellac, was also applied between the earlier layers to ensure that the whole screen adhered, and to provide the exceptionally hard finish found in the Chinese work. Only at this stage could the decoration be added, and this required equal skill, as the artist carved his designs almost down to the wood. Finally the scenes were enriched with a type of water paint very like the poster paints of today.

Most of the screens were made to measure and it is extremely rare to find two of the same size, though those that are about tend to be eight, 10 or 12 folds, like the fine one which I illustrate by courtesy of V. & C. Sternberg, of London. The theme of the continuous picture on the 12 panels, each 9ft. 5ins. high by 18ins. wide and dark nigger brown in colour, is "The Emperor's Birthday." This tradi-

tional design shows pavilions with a summer palace in an ornamental garden containing storks, cranes, deer and other animals and a lake on which water lilies float beneath a bridge. Children can be seen carrying their gifts to the Emperor who sits enthroned in his palace: this is depicted in the sixth panel from the left. On the extreme right musicians performing on the bandstands. Above and below the central panels are smaller ones which are decorated separately.

The small top panels contain scenes of fishing with rock formations completing the picture, while the lower small panels portray the Chinese idea of "still-life" or Peh Ku. The reverse of the screen is similarly divided into three but in the main panels there are individual scenes of birds in trees and on the wing, though the small panels are again decorated with fishing motifs and still lifes.

The 12-fold Coromandel screen described by Albert Adair in his article alongside



Dudley Noble / Viva las Vivas!

MOTORING

One swallow may not make a summer, but a man of that name has certainly caused a flutter in the world of small cars. I refer to Mr. William Swallow, head of Vauxhall Motors, that colossus of Luton that has its roots in America. No one could deny that the link-up with General Motors has proved a fine thing for Luton, or that the new Viva is anything but a gigantic success. After being out of the small car market for over 15 years, Vauxhalls have come up with a family saloon that has been absolutely "right" from the word go. The Viva was launched at the last Motor Show, but already 100,000 Vivas have rolled out of the factory till, within 10 months, they have become one of the most ubiquitous cars on the road. From stem to stern the Viva is completely new, yet conventional in the most modern sense.

The styling is straightforward with its square-ish lines and a wide front. So far it is

only available as a two-door saloon, but the roomy interior will suit family motorists with small children who consider two doors a safety feature. People like the Viva on first acquaintance: I know I did, and the liking grew after I had driven it. Its orthodoxy in handling and controls is enough to make you feel at home immediately. The gear lever moves from point to point across the gate with ease, and the box has synchromesh on each of the four ratios. There is no call for heavy pressure on the clutch pedal, which acts on one of those new diaphragm "springy finger" clutches. People who have to drive a lot in traffic know what a boon it is to cut out the heavy work so many clutches impose on ankles and calves.

The Viva's steering is light; you can park in a small space without exerting much force on the wheel—personally, I would have been even better pleased with a higher gearing to reduce twiddling of the steering wheel,

which took 3½ turns from lock to lock. This would have meant a little more effort when parking, yet would have improved the "feel" of the steering on the road. But no doubt many Viva buyers, and particularly the ladies, will disagree with me on this point.

We will not disagree, however, on the subject of the car's performance. For an engine of only just over one litre capacity (1,057 c.c. to be exact) the power development of 44 b.h.p. is reasonably average with a compression ratio of 8½ to 1 (a lower compression ratio to suit ordinary grade petrol is available, of 7.3 to 1). All out in top gear I found that speed nearly touched 80 m.p.h. and though a three-bearing crankshaft has been fitted instead of the usual five, there is not much vibration to be felt and even at 15 m.p.h. in top gear there was very little "flutter."

To get the best, one has to use the gears, and I would have preferred second gear ratio not to be so low by comparison with third. As an indication of this, one can get up to 68 m.p.h. in third but only 44 m.p.h. in second. Probably the idea is to make second a useful gear for starting, reserving bottom for really difficult hills and tight corners.

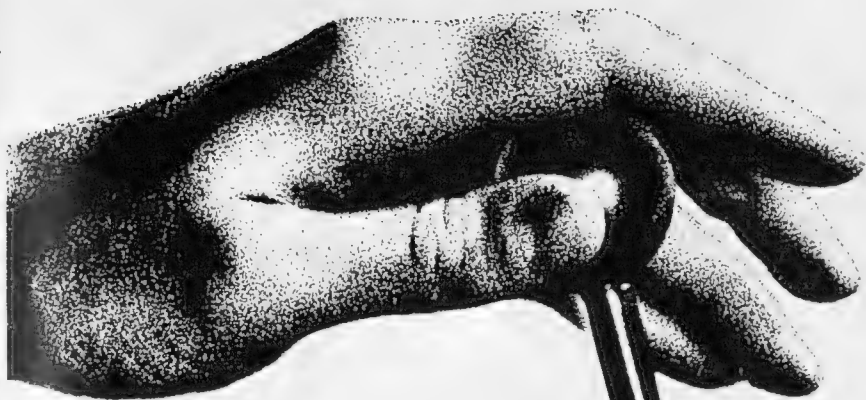
During my test over several hundred miles of fairly hard driving I averaged 32 m.p.g. but it is possible to get up to 40 m.p.g. with a careful eye on speed and acceleration.

The Viva is comfortable inside, but I would have preferred the front passenger seat to be adjustable. All the seats are comfortable, well shaped and give good support to the thighs and small of the back. The instruments are neatly grouped into two dials, one of which houses petrol and water temperature gauges, oil pressure and ignition warning lights. There is a good-sized shelf running beneath the dash, but no glove locker.

A multi-purpose lever projecting from the steering column operates trafficators, horn, headlamp dipper and flasher. In standard form the Viva costs £527 7s. 11d., purchase tax paid, and the deluxe model £566 1s. 3d. For the extra you get a screen washer, interior heater, padded fascia top and carpet. If you prefer disc brakes to the front wheels instead of the standard drum type, you can have them for £15 on either model if you order them with the car; servo assistance is included. Finally, not the least important feature of this excellent car is its roomy luggage boot.



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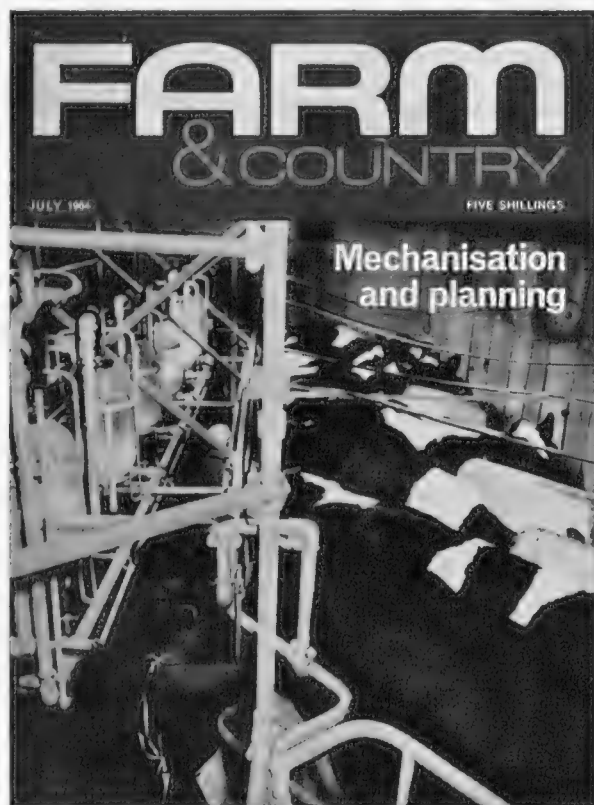
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Geoffrey S. Fletcher / Avoiding the hard sell

ROSE GROWING

There was a time—in the dear dead days beyond recall—when the most persuasive claim made for a new introduction was that it was “a novelty.” That sort of thing is now quite dead. Keeping pace with the competition in the trade where it's tough at the top, rose catalogues, with some exceptions, seem to be becoming almost pure Madison Avenue, crammed with hard selling, sentimental blurb. Harmless enough, of course, but the hard selling appeal does make it necessary for rose growers to exercise their judgments before they put down their money. I can't imagine anything worse than a garden full of roses chosen not as part of a settled plan, but because they were new at the time. The danger of this, as I have once before remarked, is the gradual erosion of established roses of merit, so that people like myself and a large number of readers find it increasingly difficult to get supplies.

So many new varieties appear these days that it is a matter of difficulty to decide on their merits, but some of this year's introductions are certainly worth while. Those who like

those lavender, silver roses—the current stage in the search for a true blue rose—will be attracted by *Blue Moon* from Wheatcroft Brothers. It is scented and likely, I think, to be appreciated for its possibilities in flower arrangements. For my part, roses of this colour group are vaguely, and probably quite unjustly, suggestive of funeral parlours. These private quirks do not apply to *Mister Lincoln*, a fine new red American introduction, also from Wheatcroft Brothers. The outstanding qualities of this rose are the size and number of blooms, strong growth and fine, deep colour.

McGredy's orange-pink floribunda named *Rose of Tralee* and their brick red *John Church*, also a floribunda, are their two most likely winners among the present crop of newcomers. Among Dickson's star introductions, the new floribunda *Sea Pearl* is, I think, certain to establish itself. The blooms are pale pinkish salmon-peach, with a suggestion of orange scarlet in the folded heart of the flower; the outer sides of the petals are paler and tinged with sulphur yellow.

WEDDINGS



Kaufmann—de la Bere: Clairmonde, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Casimir Kaufmann, of Avenue William Faure, Geneva, Switzerland, was married to Cameron, son of Sir Rupert and Lady de la Bere, of Crowborough Place, Sussex, at Pregny Church



Pittard—Noel: Sally, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Pittard of Firlands, Ilchester Road, Yeovil, Somerset, was married to Anthony, son of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Noel, of Ward's Farm, Ditchet, Somerset, at St. John Baptist's Church, Yeovil, Somerset



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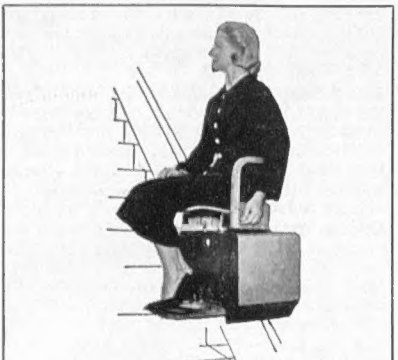
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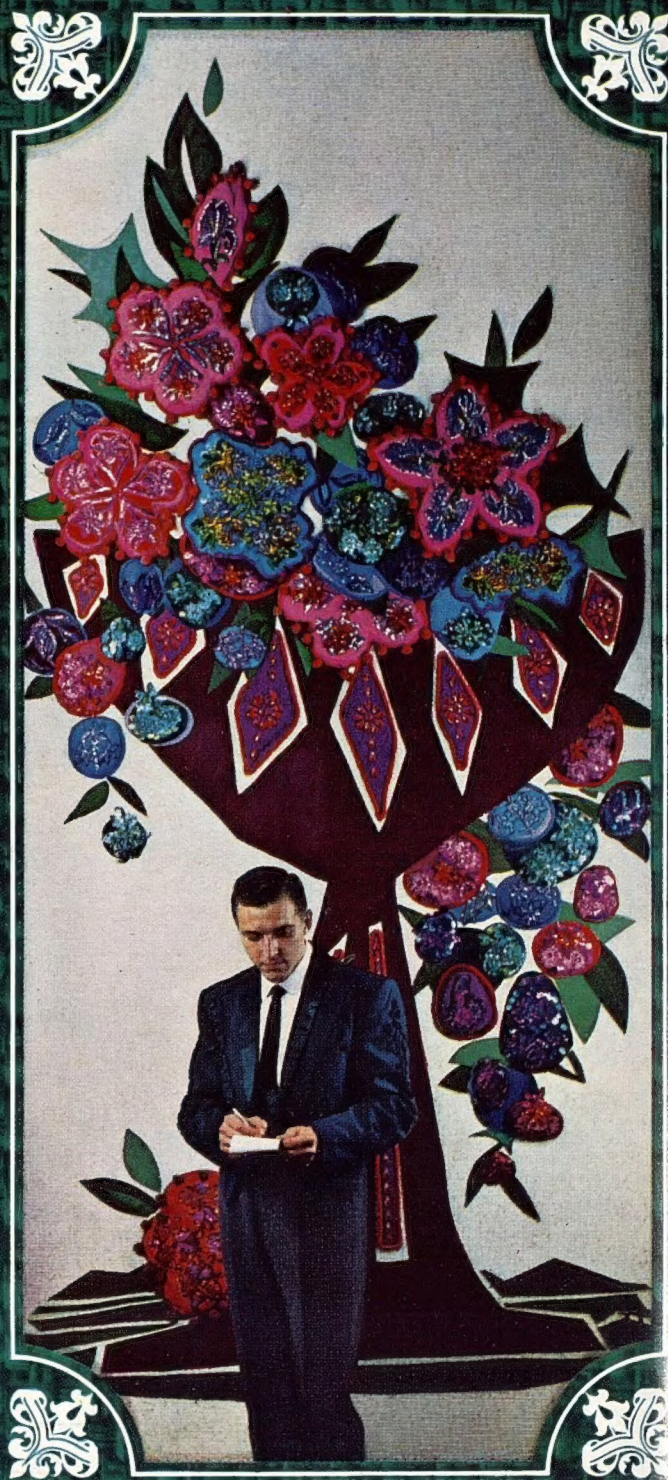
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